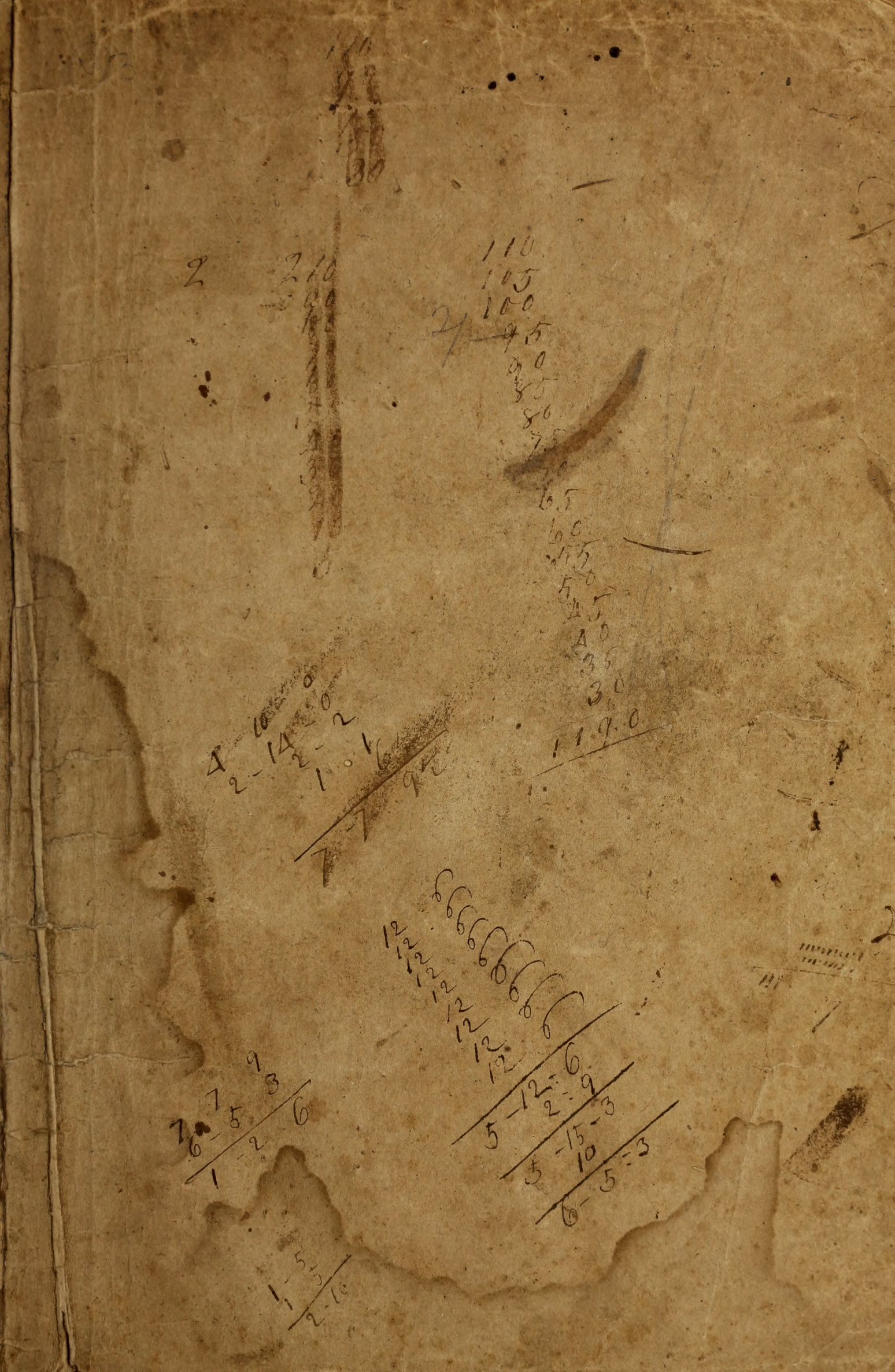

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GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of *Great-Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, Greeting. Whereas *Thomas Auguſtine Arne* of *Craven-Buildings* near *Drury-Lane*, in our County of *Middleſex*, Gent. hath humbly repreſented unto Us, that he hath with great Study, Labour and Expence, compoſed ſeveral Works, conſiſting of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, in Order to be printed and publiſhed; and hath therefore humbly beſought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the ſole printing and Pubiſhing thereof, for the Term of Fourteen Years: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, are graciouſly pleaſed to condeſcend to his Requeſt: and we do therefore, by theſe Preſents, ſo far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto the ſaid *Thomas Auguſtine Arne*, his Executors, Adminiſtrators and Aſsigns, our Licence for the ſole Printing and Publiſhing the ſaid Works, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; ſtrictly forbidding all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to Re-print or Abridge the ſame, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatſoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter, or diſtribute any Copies thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforeſaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Conſent or Approbation of the ſaid *Thomas Auguſtine Arne*, his Heirs, Executors, and Aſsigns, as they will anſwer the contrary at their Perils. Whereof the Commiſsioners and other Officers of our Cuſtoms, the Maſter, Wardens and Company of Stationers are to take Notice, that due Obedience may be rendered to our Pleaſure herein declared.

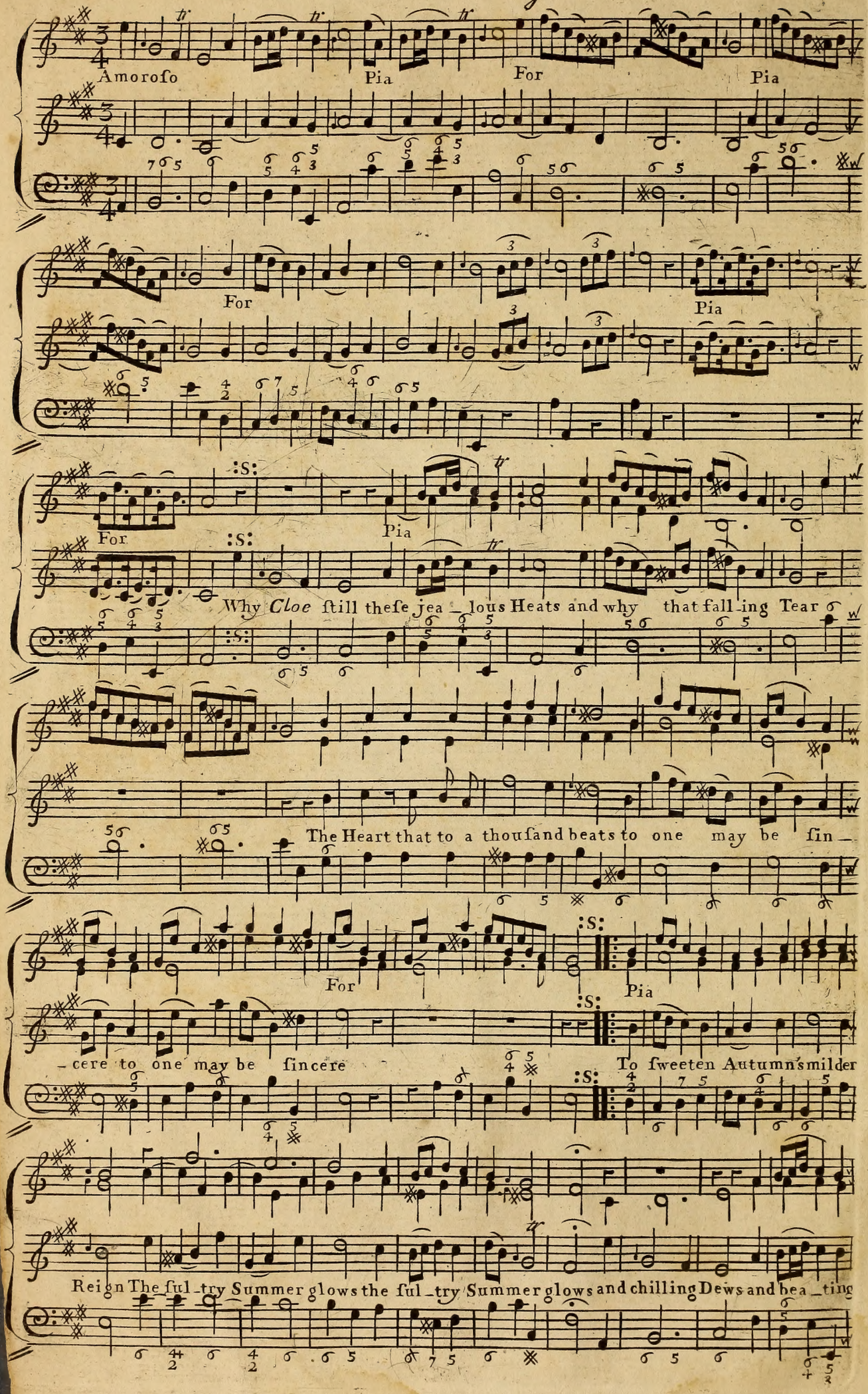
GIVEN at our Court at *St. James's*, the Twenty-Ninth Day of *January* 1740-1, in the Fourteenth Year of Our Reign.

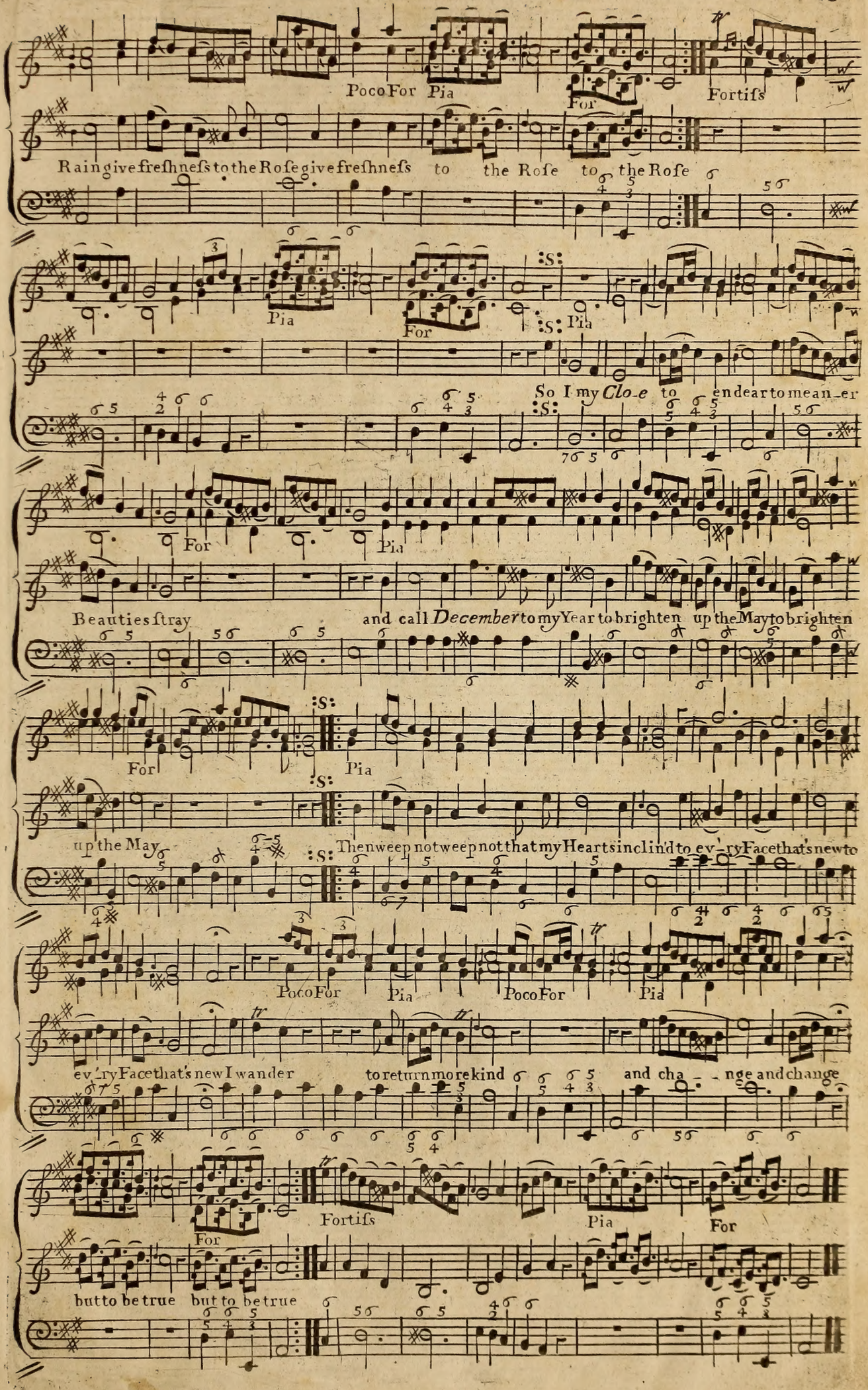
By his Majeſty's Command,

HOLLIS NEWCASTLE.

F37-50

The kind Inconſtant




Poco For Pia
For
Fortifs
Rain give freſhneſs to the Roſe give freſhneſs to the Roſe to the Roſe
Pia
For
:S:
So I my Clo-e to en dear to mean-er
For
Pia
Beauties ſtray and call December to my Year to brighten up the May to brighten
For
Pia
up the May Then weep not weep not that my Heart sinclin'd to ev'-ry Face that's new to
Poco For
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Poco For
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ev'ry Face that's new I wander to return more kind and cha - nge and change
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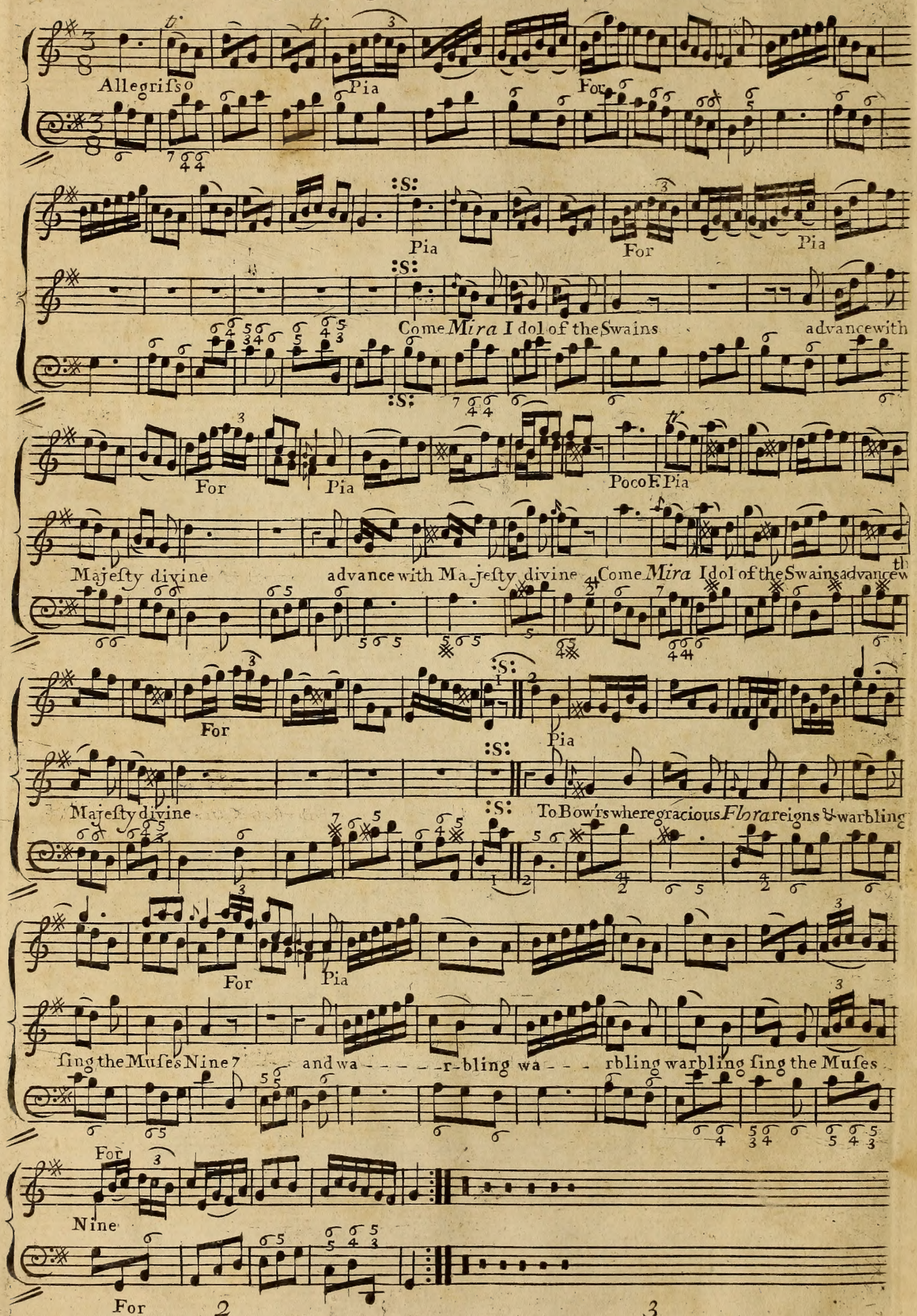
For
but to be true but to be true

The Invitation

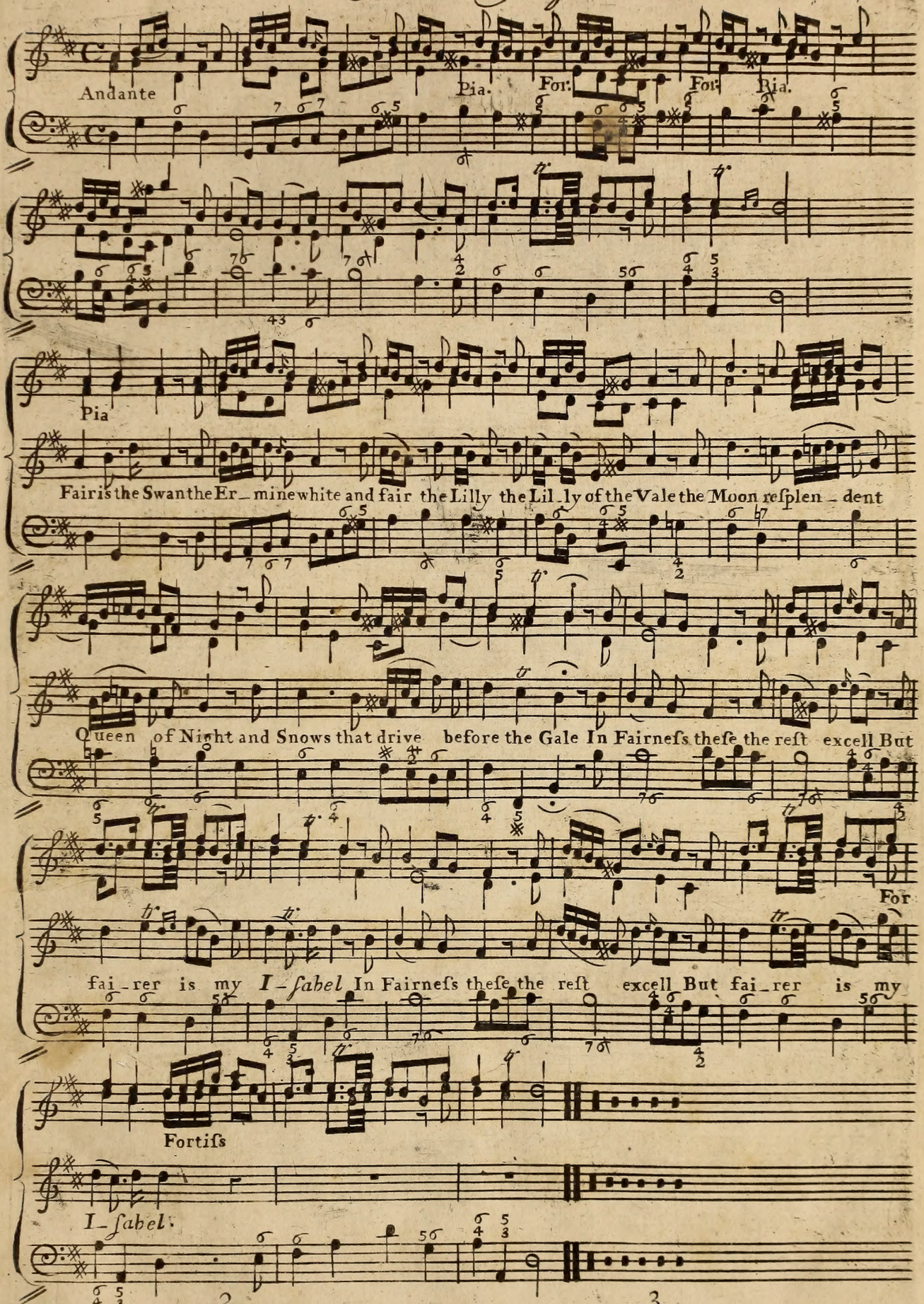


2

Come ev'ry ſprightly Joy to taſte,
That Rural art and Nature boaſt,
Fly hither with the Lightnings Haſte,
And be the Univerſal Toaſt.

3

A Scene ſo beauteous can't be ſhown;
Though thou ſhouldſt ev'ry Realm ſurvey;
As all where-e'er thou com'ſt muſt own,
Thy Graces bear unrival'd Sway.



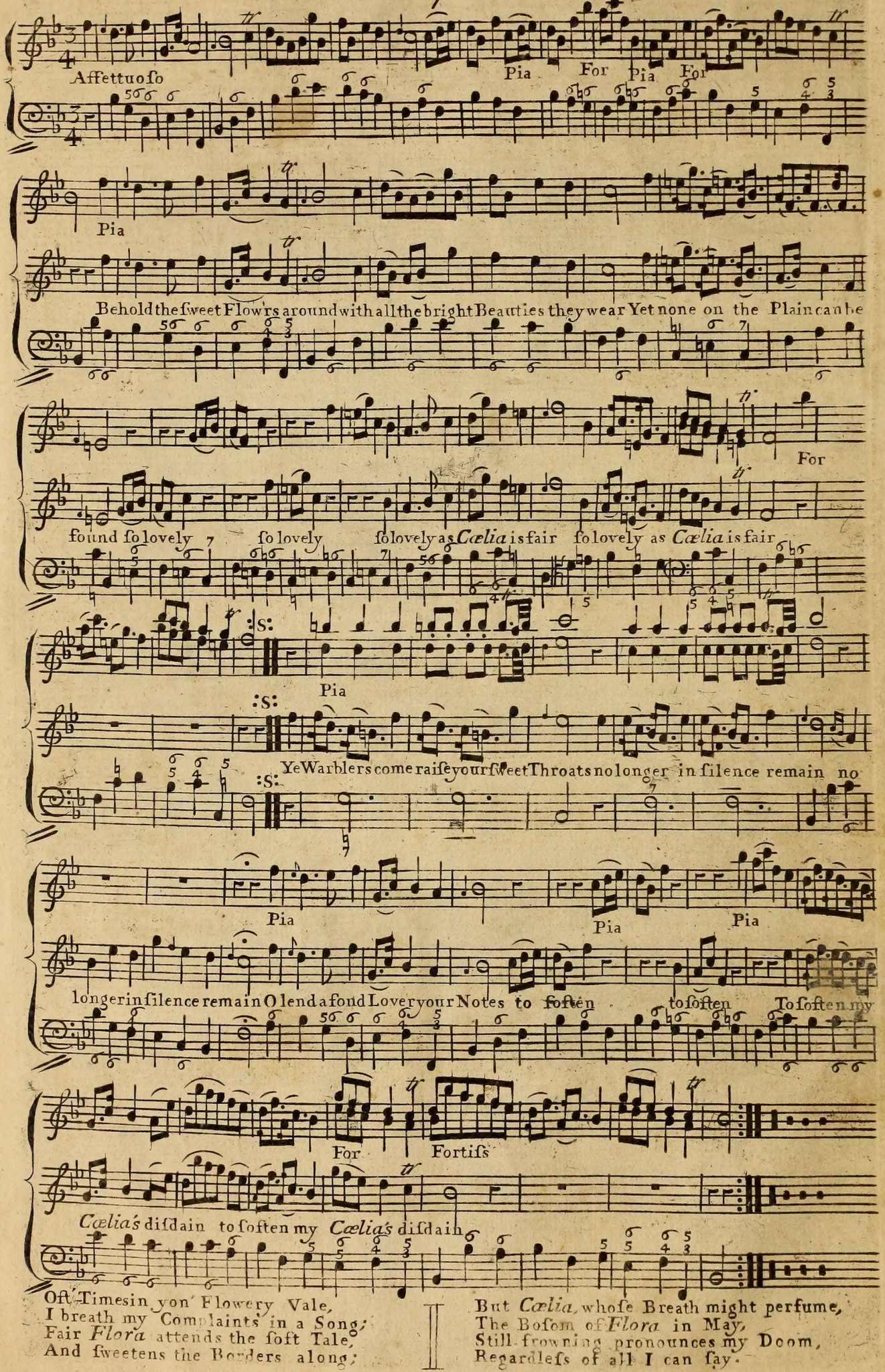
2

Sweet is the Vi'let, Sweet the Roſe
And ſweet the Morning Breath of May,
Carnations rich their ſweets diſcloſe,
And ſweet the winding Woodbines ſtray
In ſweetneſs theſe the reſt excell;
But ſweeter is my *Iſabel*.

3

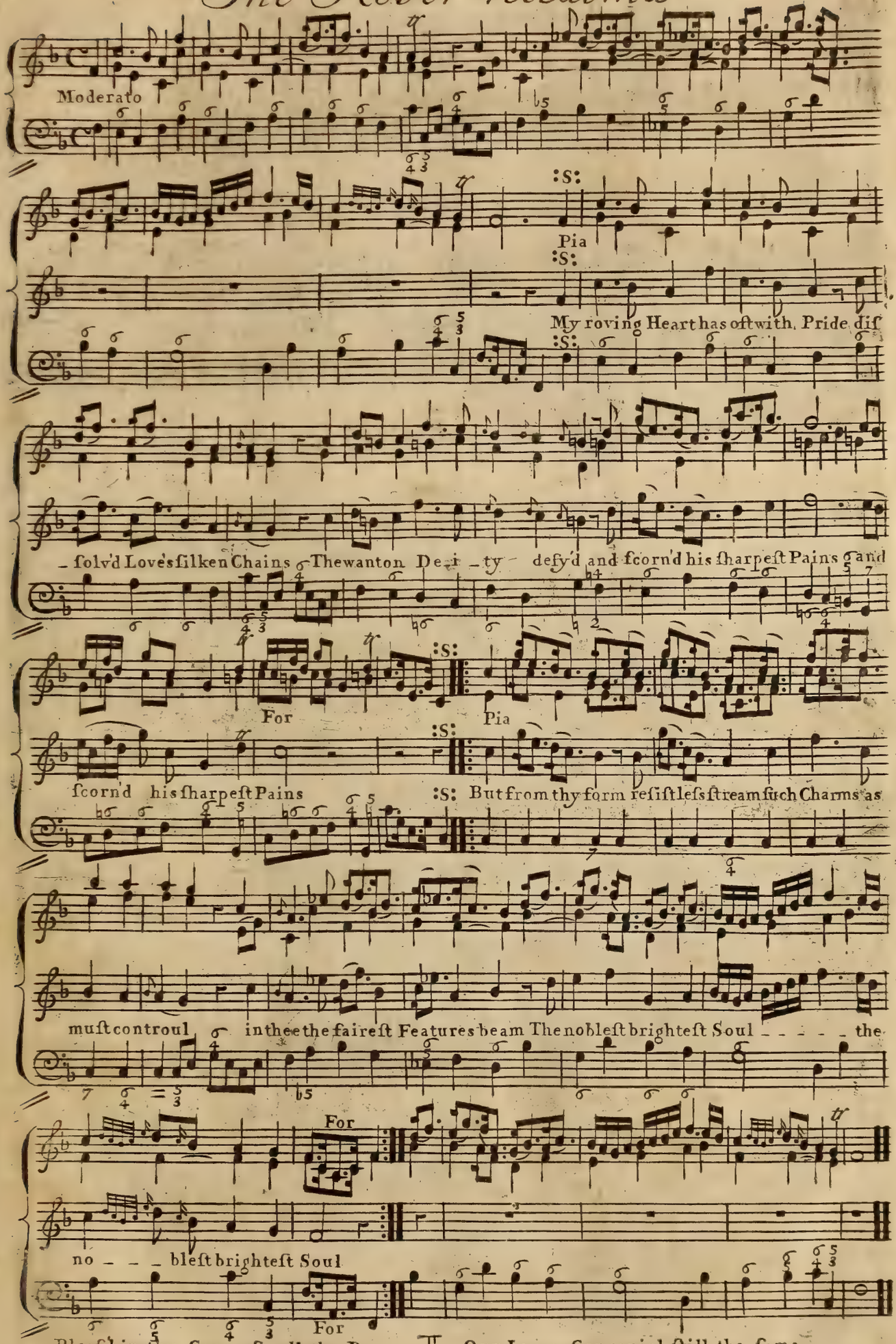
Conſtant the Poets call the Dove,
And amrous the Sparrow call,
Fond is the Sky_lark of his Love,
And fond the feather'd Lovers all:
In fondneſs theſe the reſt excell;
But fonder I of *Iſabel*.

The Complaint



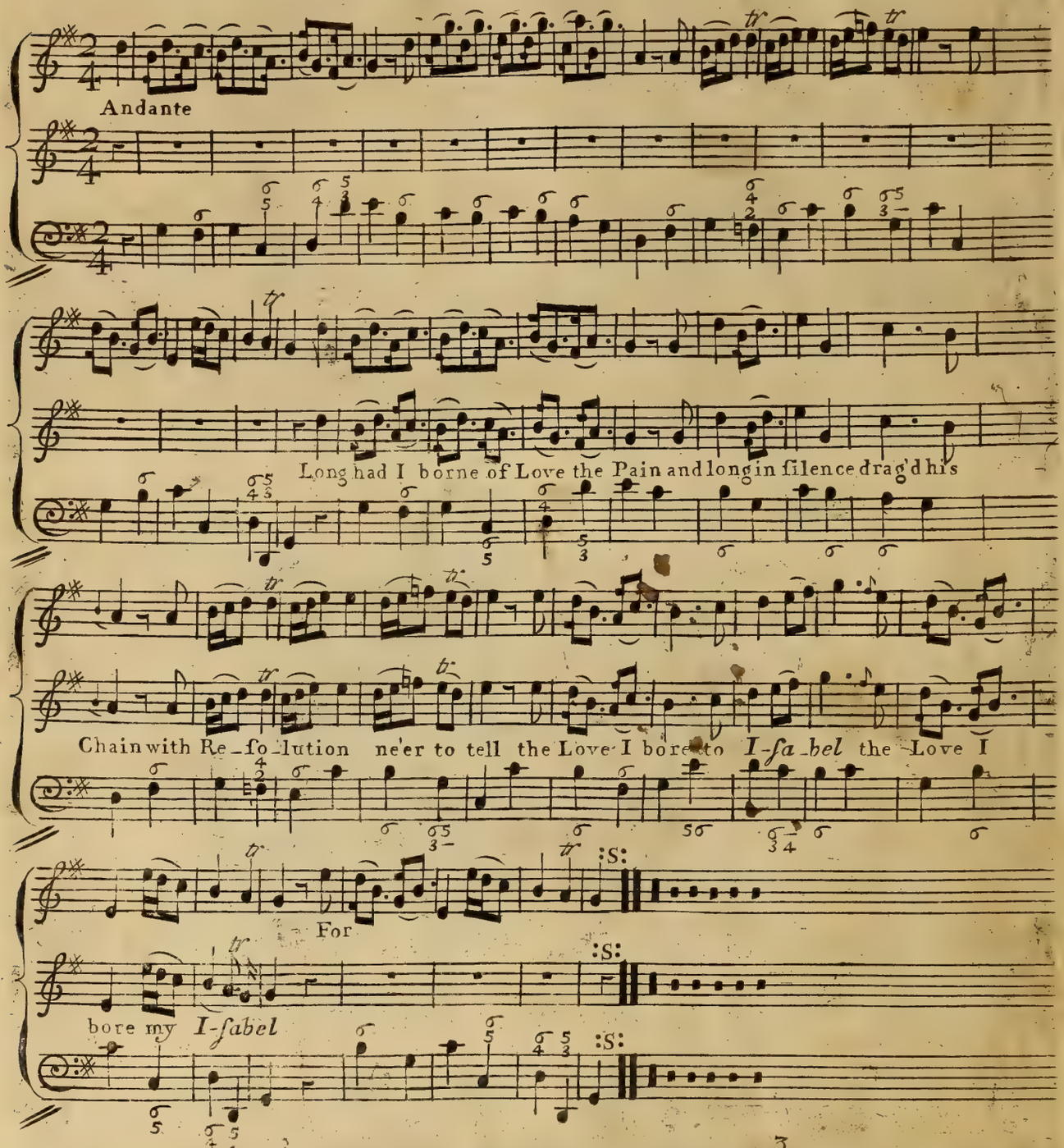
Oft Times in yon' Flowery Vale,
I breath my Complaints in a Song;
Fair *Flora* attends the ſoft Tale,
And ſweetens the Borders along;

But *Cœlia*, whoſe Breath might perfume,
The Boſom of *Flora* in May,
Still frowning pronounces my Doom,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.



Pleaſ'd in thy Converſe all the Day,
Life's Sand unheeded runs,
With Thee, I'll hail the riſing Ray,
And talk down Summer Suns;

Our Loves Congenial ſtill the ſame,
With equal Force ſhall ſhine;
No cloy'd deſires can damp the Flame,
Which Friendſhip will refine.



2

The Fire ſhe kindled in my Breaſt,
PHILOSOPHY would have ſuppreſs'd;
But in that Breaſt Love took its ſtand,
Triumphant with a burning Brand.

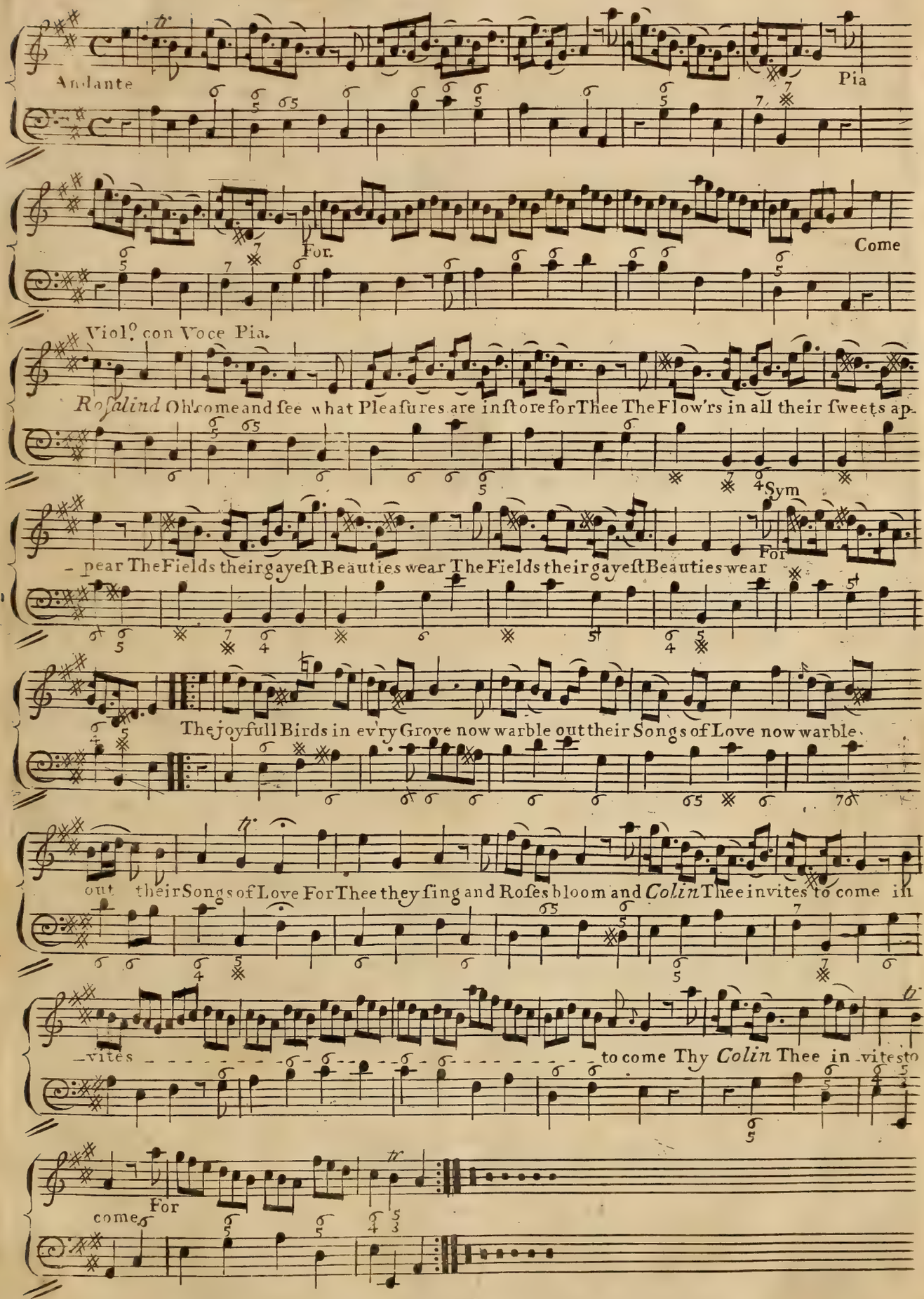
3

Dear *Iſabel*, thou much-lov'd Maid,
Bring to a bleeding Heart thine Aid:
Thou haſt the Fountain, thou the Pow'r,
To quench a Flame that would devour.

4

To eaſe me of the thrilling Smart,
To wrench the Dagger from my Heart,
And to apply a Hand divine,
O! GODDESS of my Soul is thine.

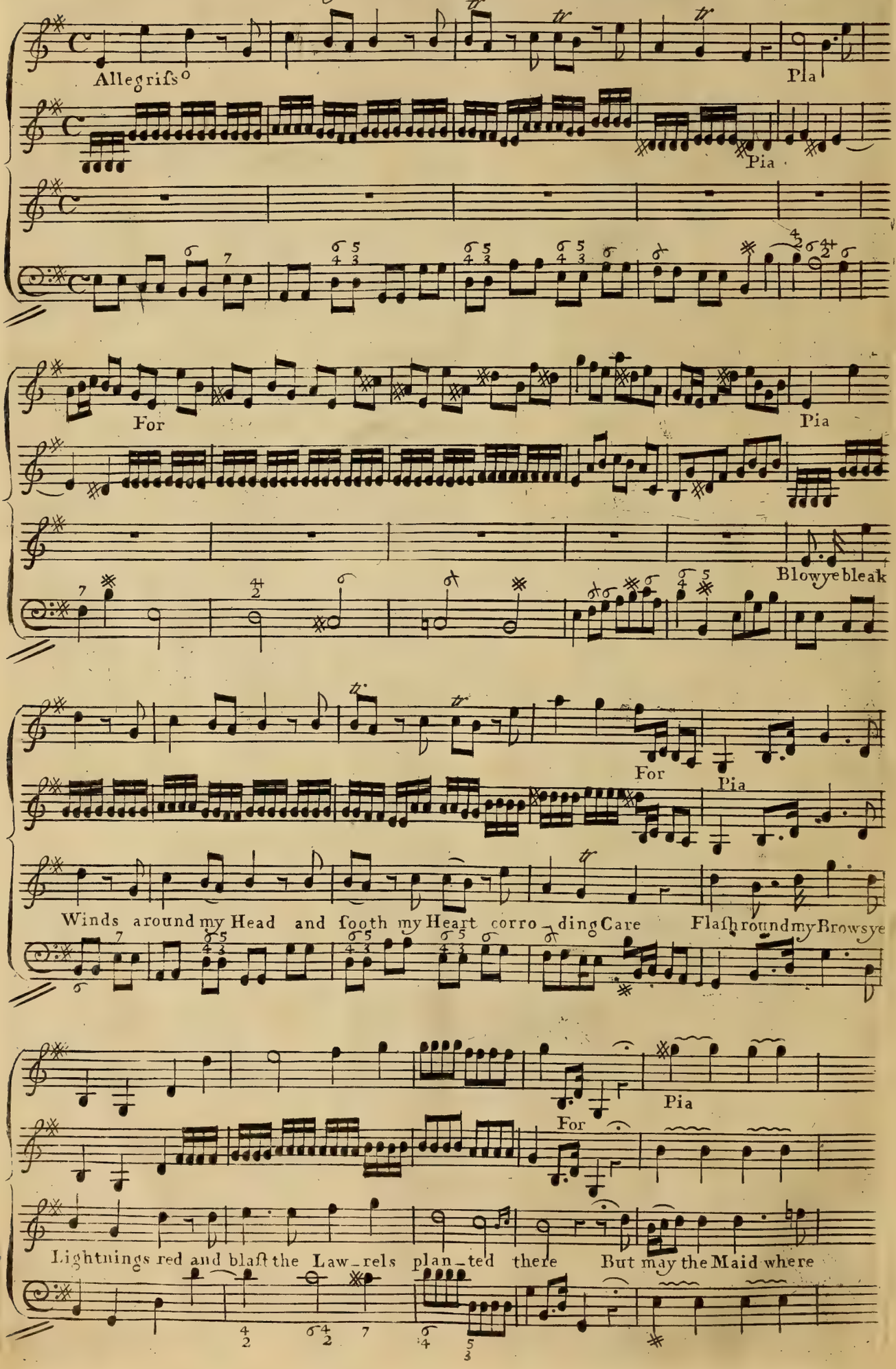
Colin's Invitation

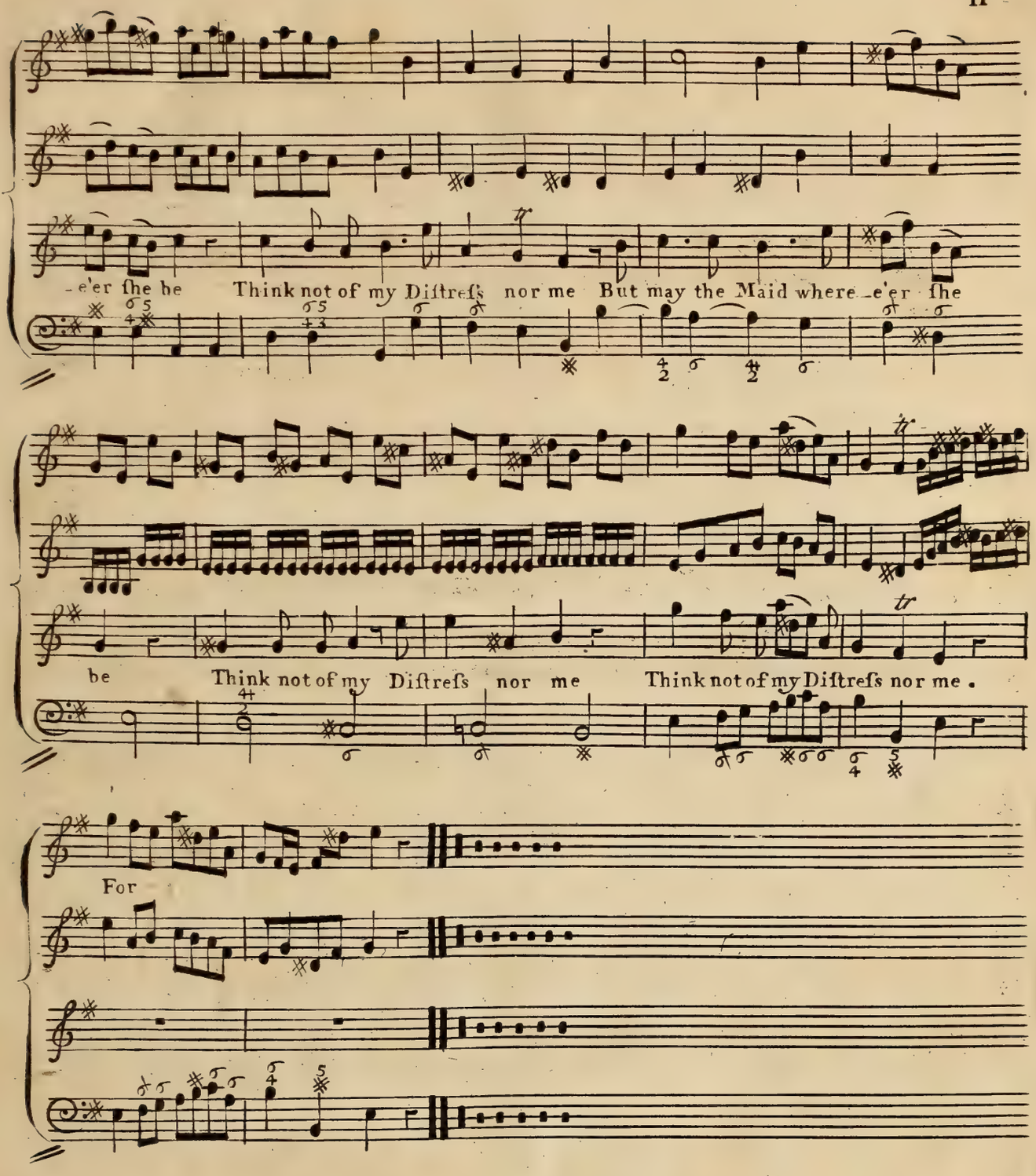


Come *Roſalind*, and *Colin* joyn,
My tender Flocks and all are thine:
If Love and *Roſalind* be here,
'Tis May and Pleaſure all the Year:

Come ſee a Cottage and a Swain,
Thou can'ſt my Love nor Gifts diſdain:
Leave all behind, nor longer ſtay,
For *Colin* calls, then haſte away.

The Generous Diſtreſs'd





2

May all the Traces of our Love
Be ever blotted from her mind;
May from her Breaſt my Vows remove,
And no Remembrance leave behind:
But may the Maid where-e'er ſhe be
Think not of my Diſtreſs nor me.

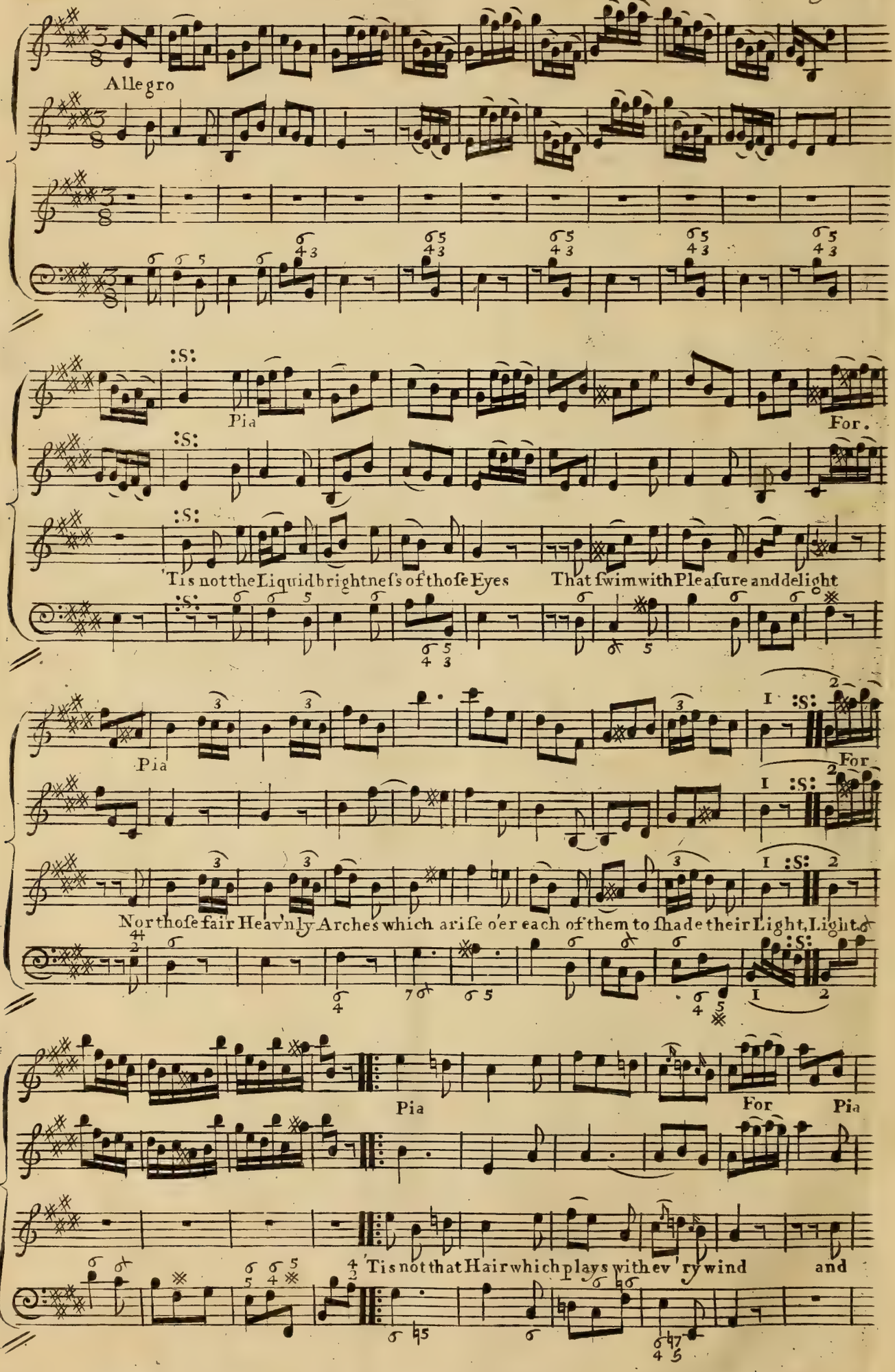
3

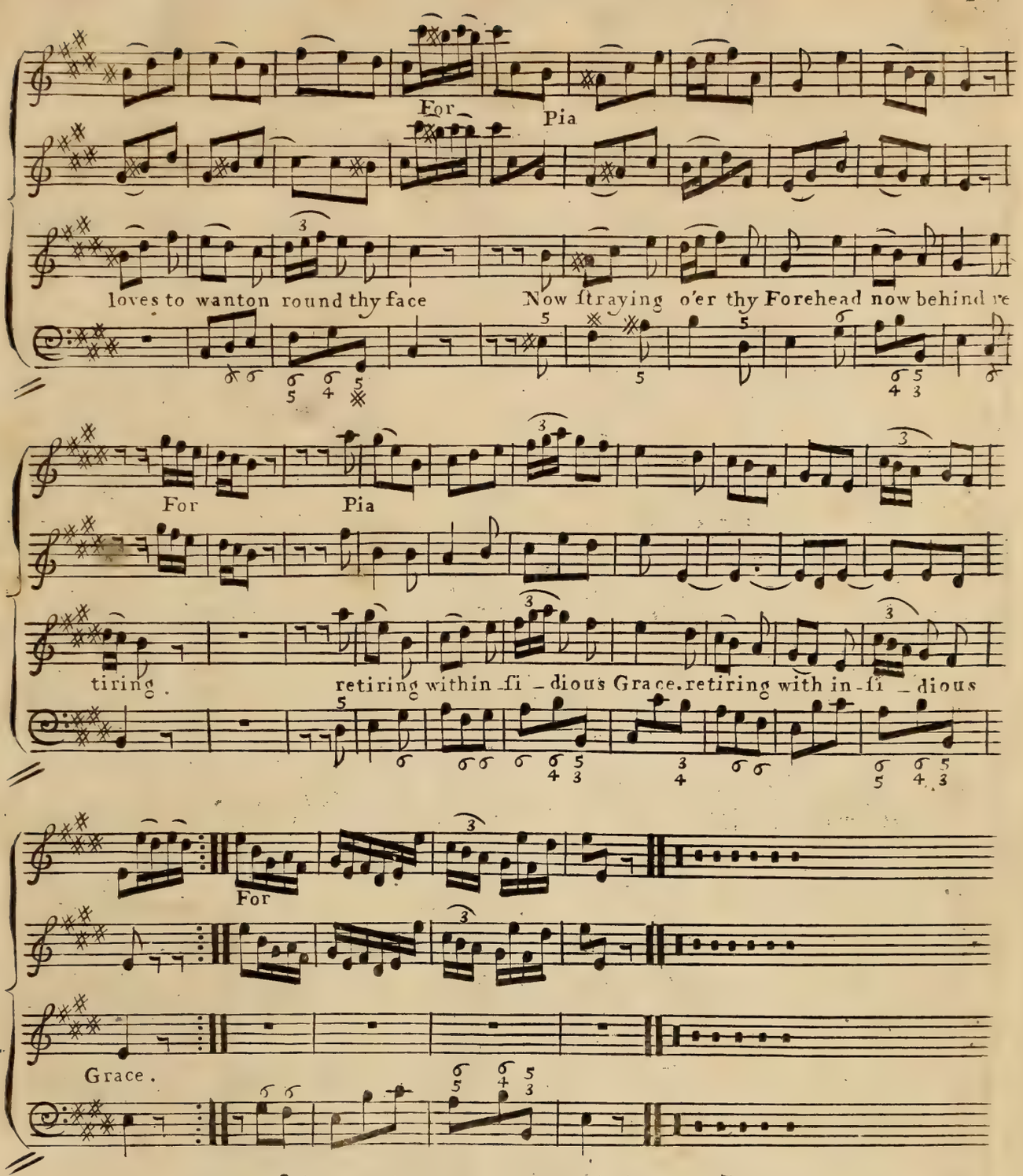
O! may I ne'er behold her more;
For ſhe has rob'd my Soul of Reſt:
Wiſdom's aſſiſtance is too poor,
To calm the Tempeſt in my Breaſt:
But may the Maid where-e'er ſhe be,
Think not of my Diſtreſs nor me.

4

Come Death, O! come thou friendly Sleep,
And with my Sorrows lay me low:
And, ſhould the gentle Virgin weep,
Nor ſharp, nor laſting be her Woe;
But may ſhe think, where-e'er ſhe be,
No more of my Diſtreſs nor me.

Kindneſs and a Gracefull Air preferr'd to Beauty





2

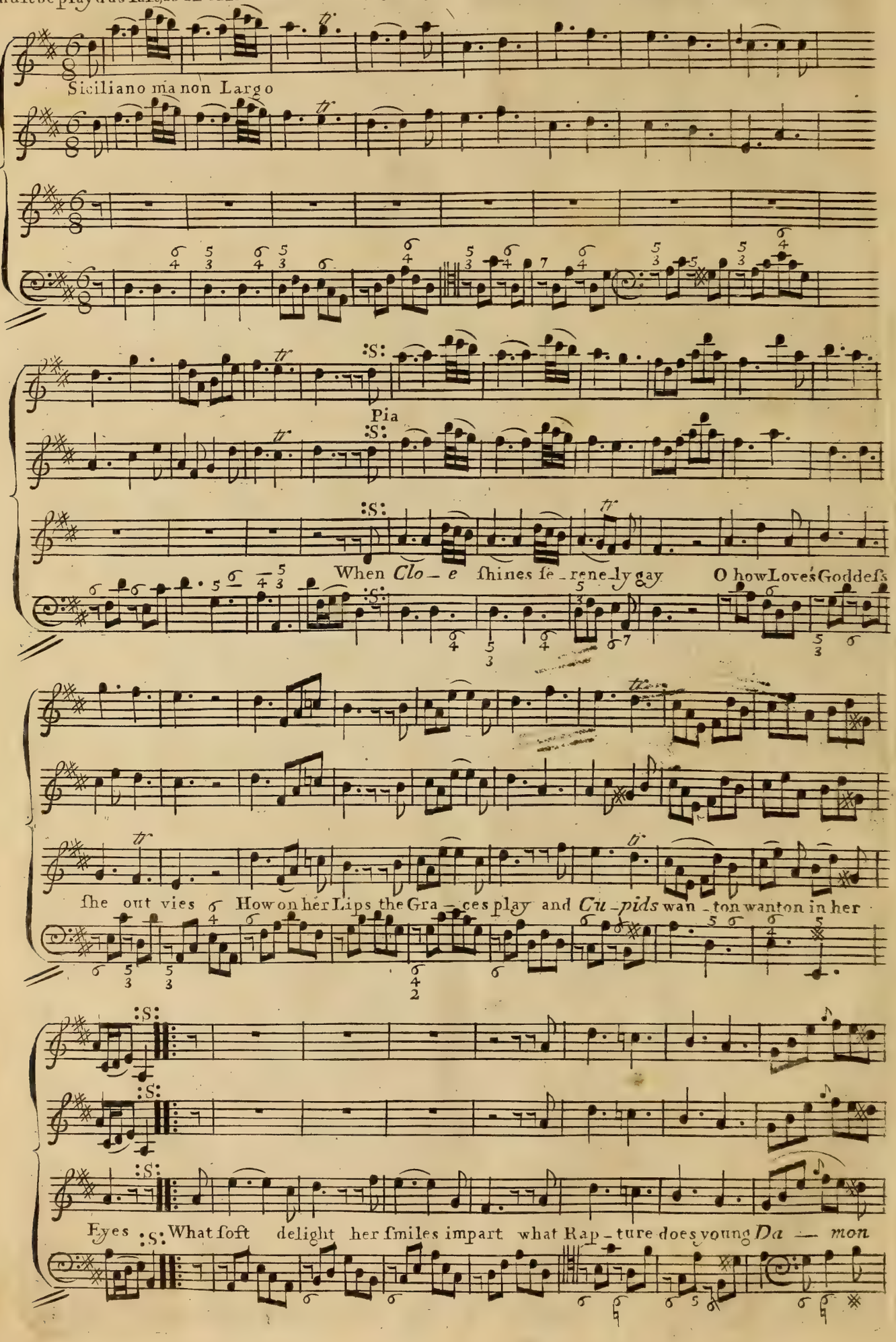
'Tis not that lovely range of Teeth as white
As new ſhorn Sheep equal and fair,
Nor even that gentle ſmile the hearts delight,
With which no ſmile cou'd e're compare:
'Tis not that Chin ſo round, that Neck ſo fine,
Thoſe Breaſts that ſwell to meet my Love,
That eaſy ſloping waſte, that form divine,
Nor ought, nor ought below nor ought above,
Nor ought below nor ought above.

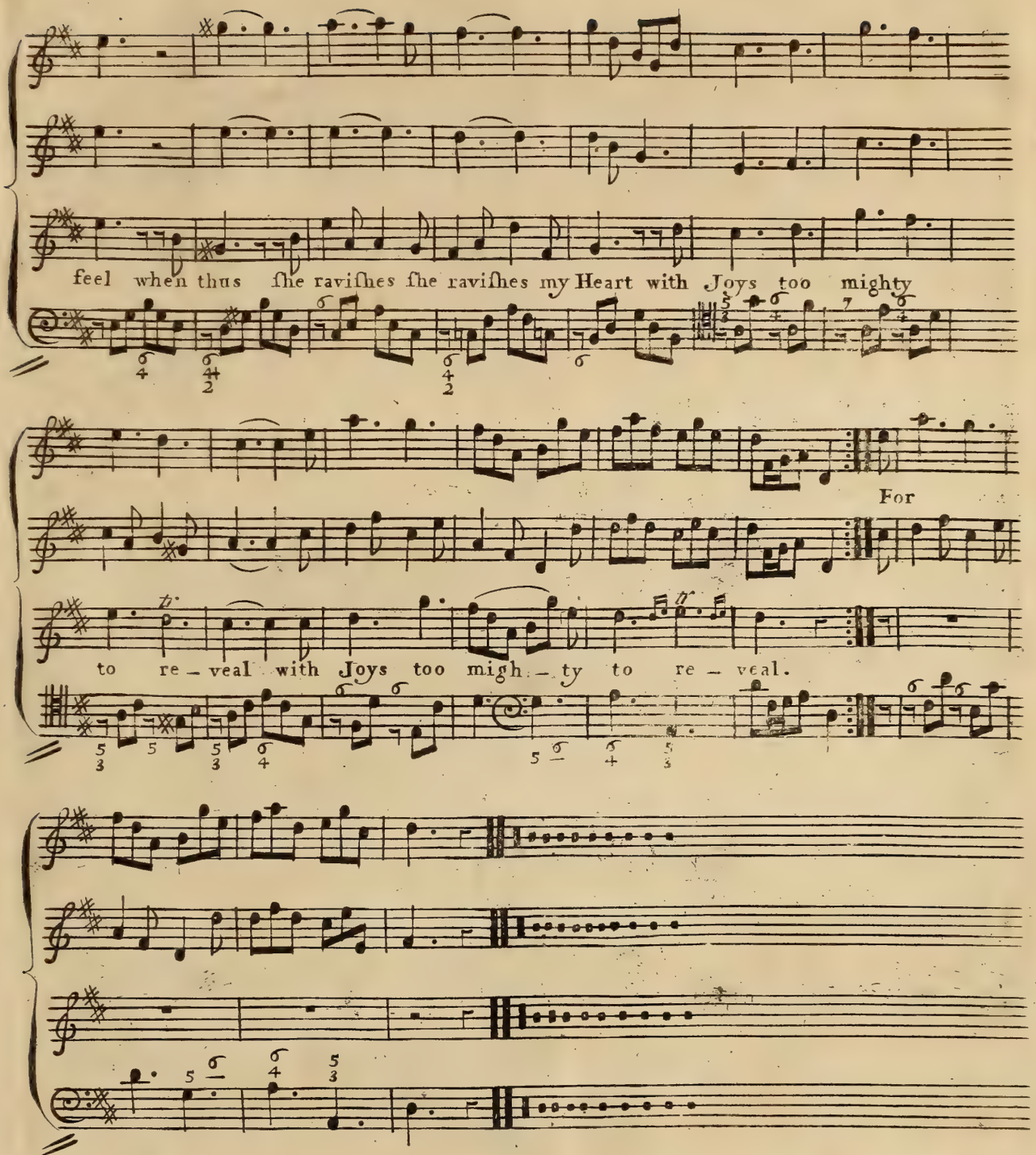
3

'Tis not the living Colours over each,
By natures fineſt pencil wrought,
To ſhame the freſh blown Roſe and blooming Peach
And mock the happieſt painter's thought:
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent Love,
So kindly anſwering my deſire,
That Grace with which you Look and ſpeak & move,
That thus, that thus have ſet my Soul on Fire,
That thus have ſet my Soul on Fire.

CLOE Generous as Fair

NB In accompanying this Air on the Harpsicord, the Cords on the Notes following the Quaver Rests in y^e^ Bass are to be struck on the Rests, to fill up the Vacancy, as the Performer will see by the Figuring, and the Air must be play'd as fast, as a Performer on the Violoncello can catch the Bass Notes without Confusion.

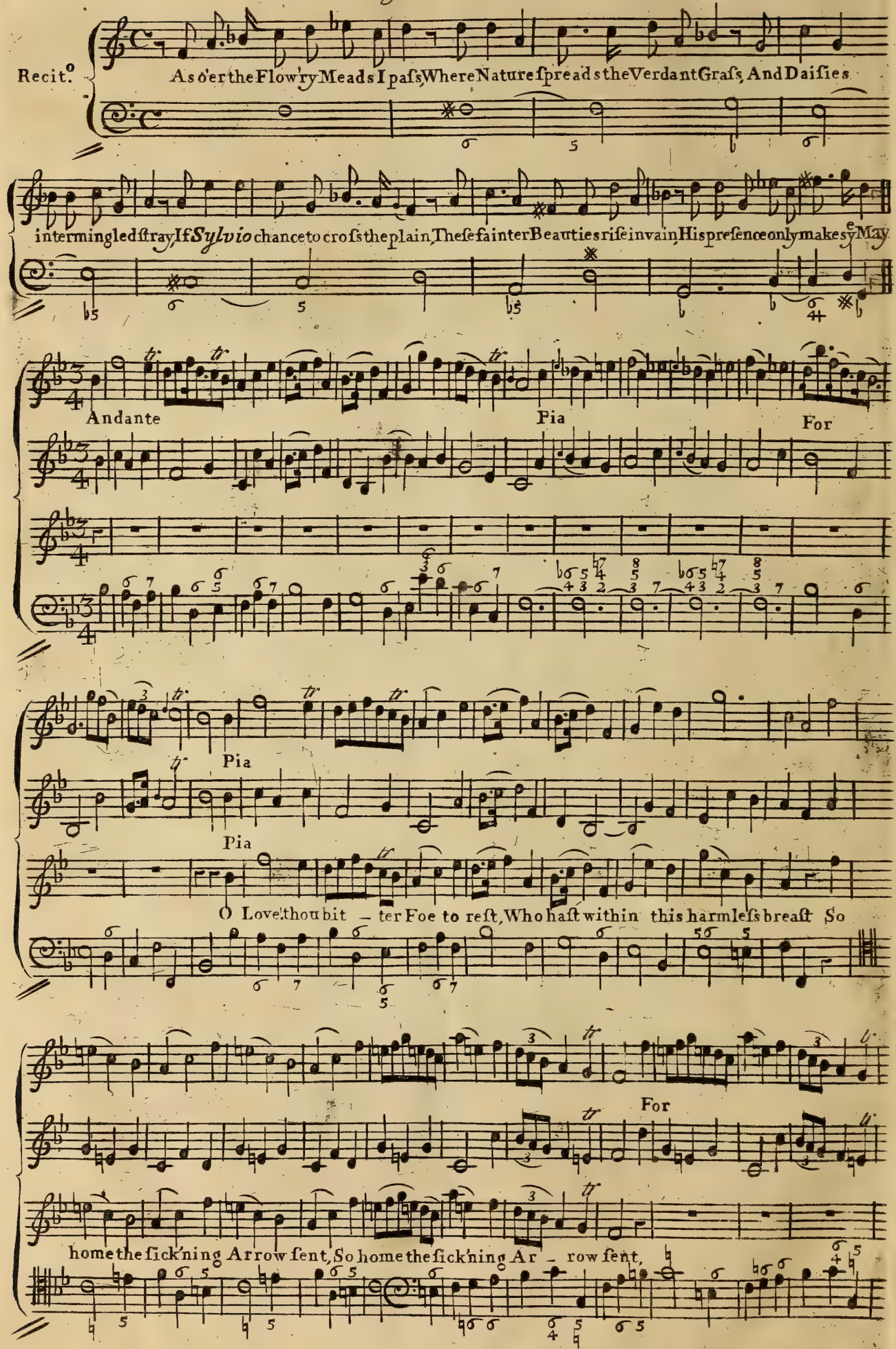


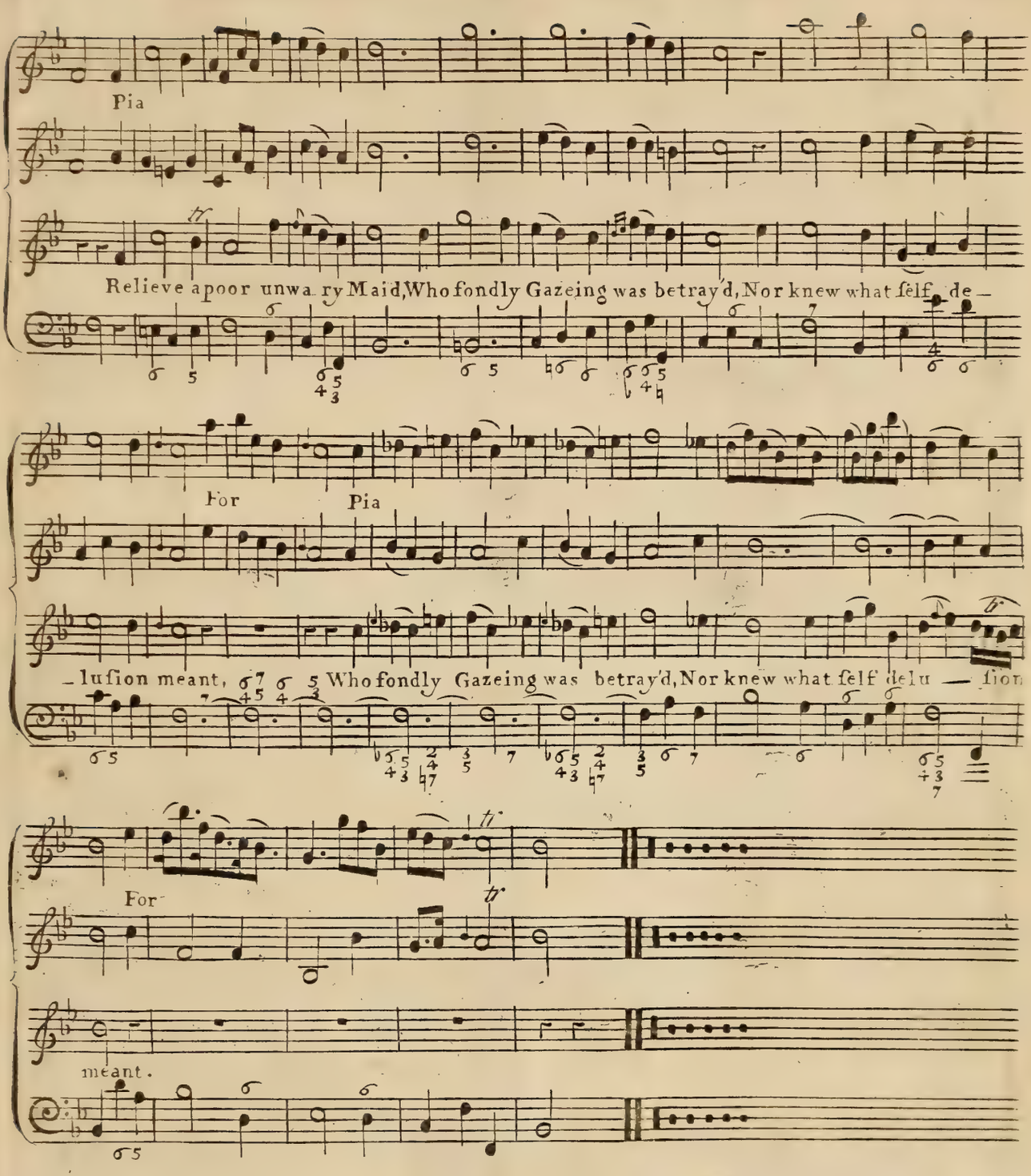


2

The vain, conceited of her Sex
Treat with contempt the Lovers Pain;
Fondly delight to Teaze, perplex,
And triumph o'er a dying Swain.
But *Chloe* has a Heav'nly mind,
A Soul that's gen'rous, great and brave;
Who conquers only, conquers ~~only~~ to be kind,
And makes it her delight to ſave.

The Lovesick Invocation





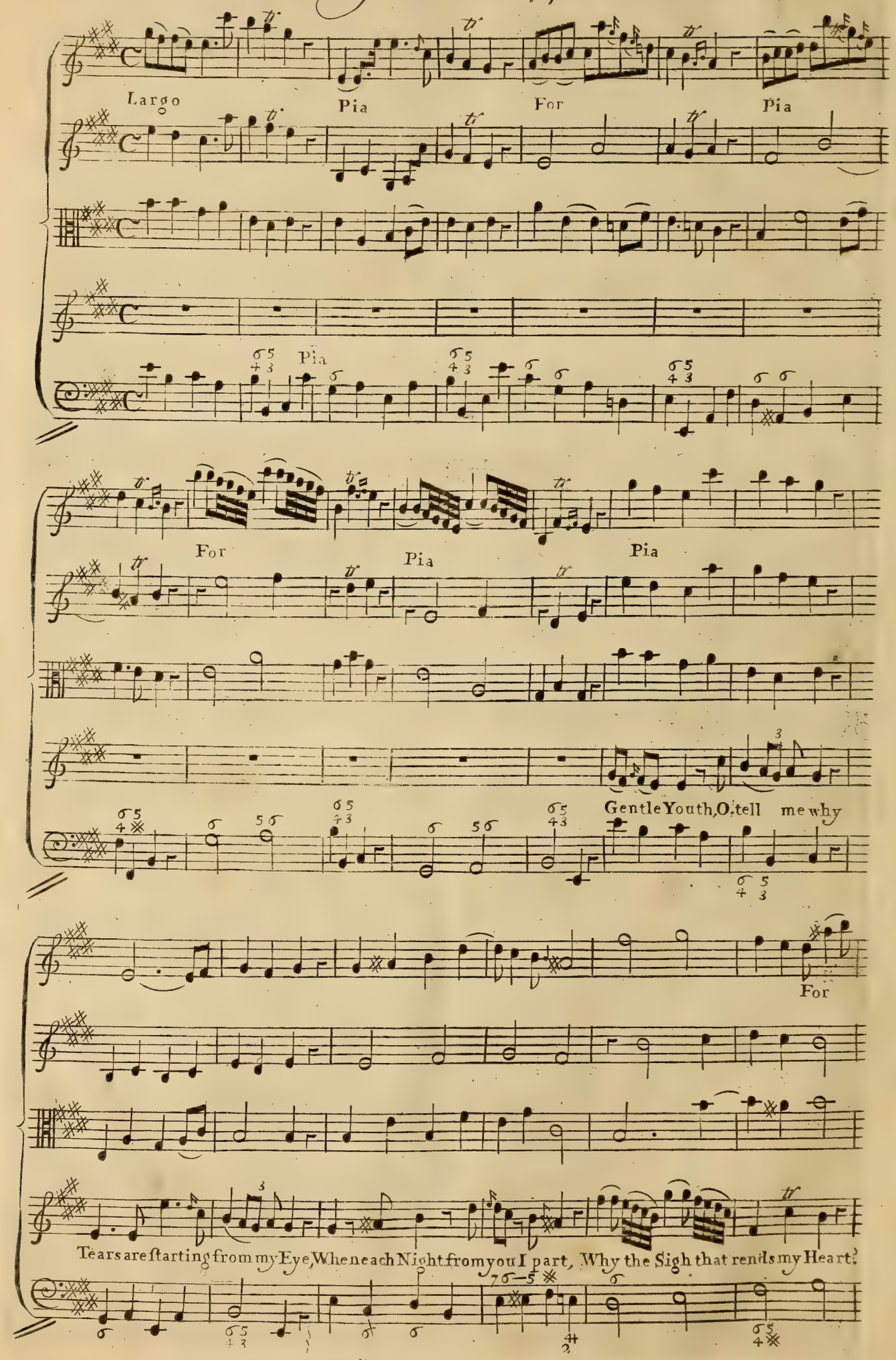
2

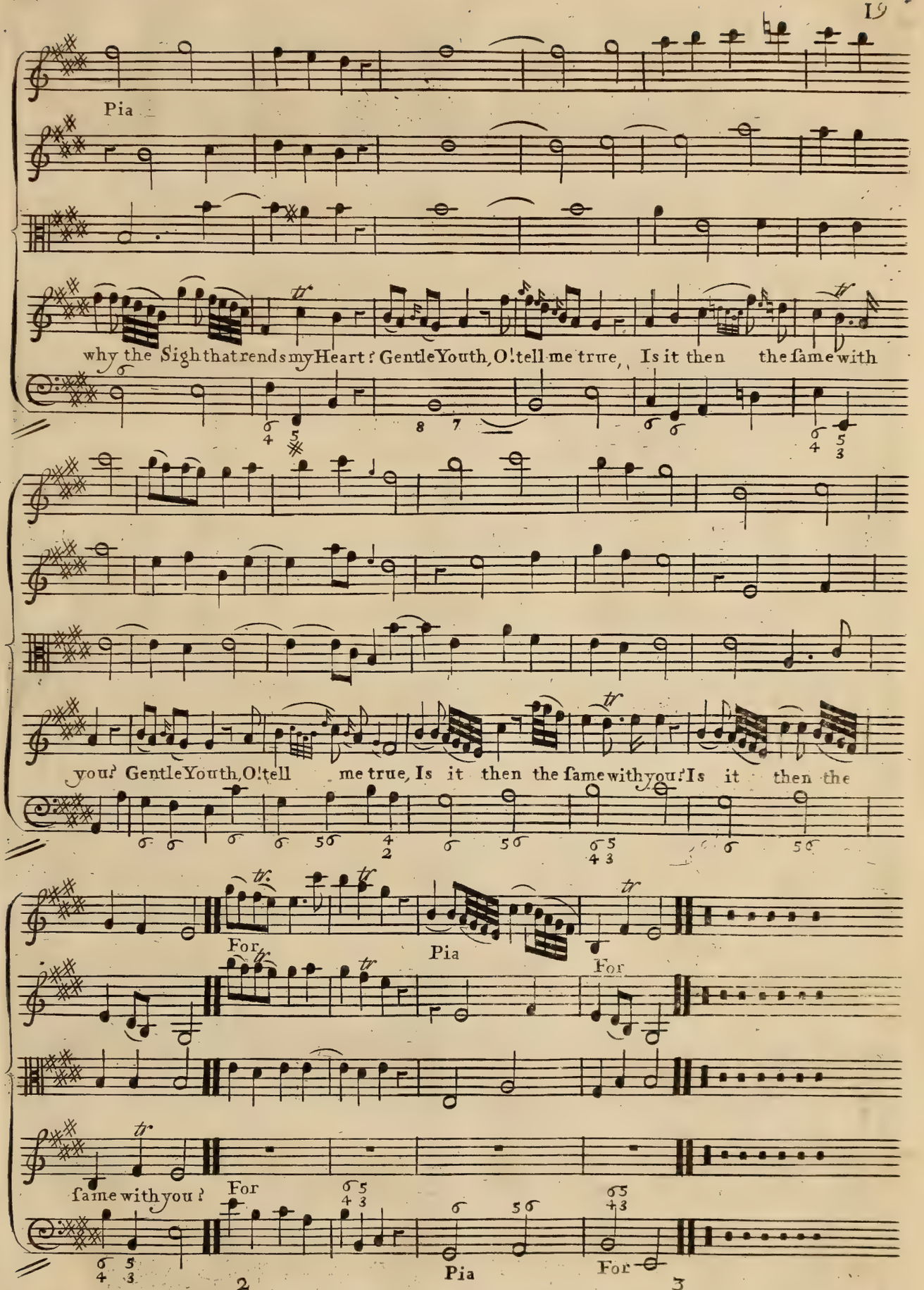
Since Cuſtom, cruel to the Fair,
Forbids my Paſsion to declare,
Aſsiſt, blind God of ſoft deſire;
To thy Omnipotence I kneel,
Let him my ſecret Anguiſh feel,
And burn for me with equal Fire.

3

Then, if the lovely Youth appear
By turns inclin'd to Hope and Fear,
And tenderly his Paſsion move;
My Heart ſhall flutter to his Sighs,
With gentle looks I'll meet his Eyes,
And never — never ceaſe to love.

The fond Appeal





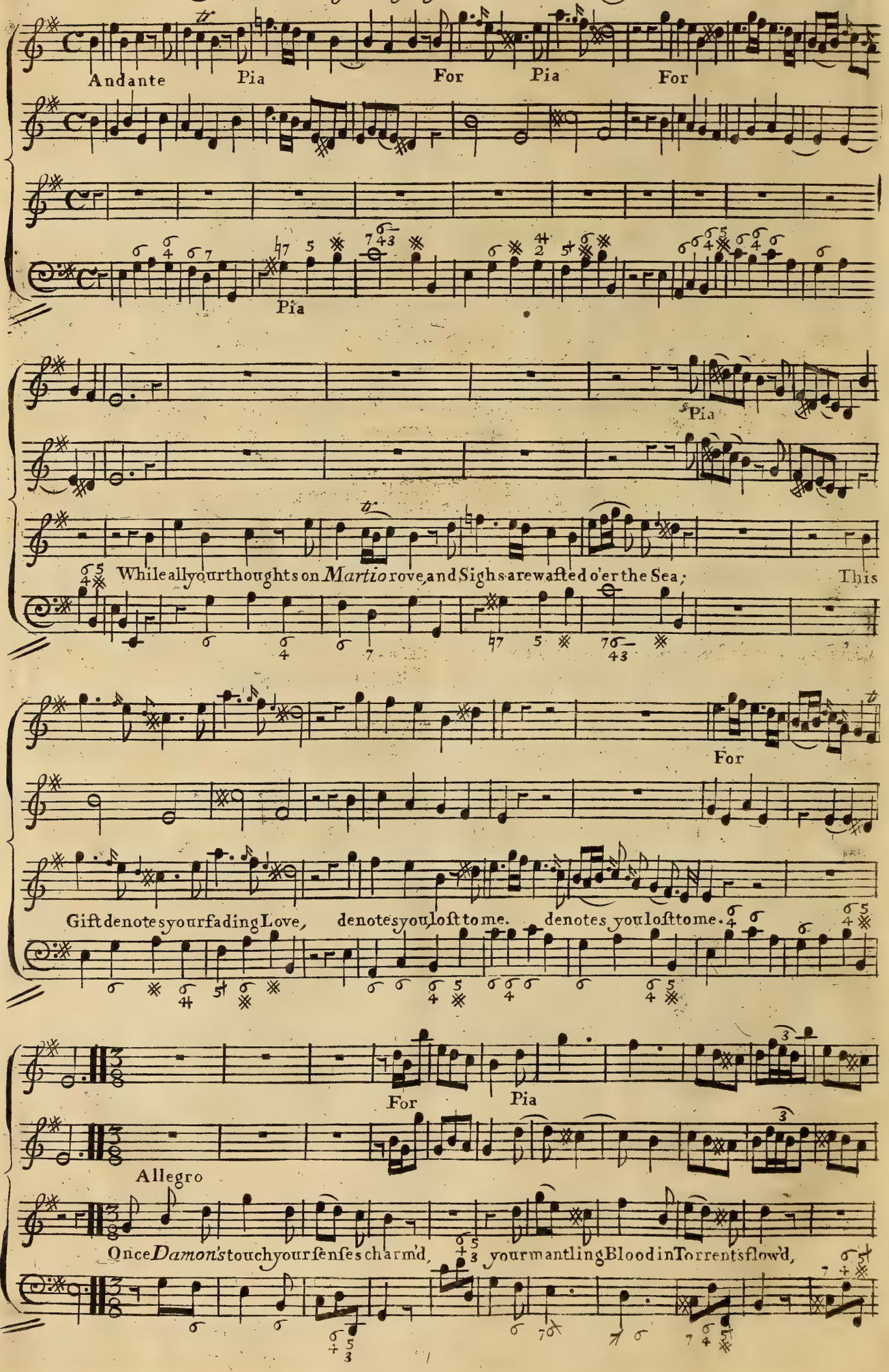
2

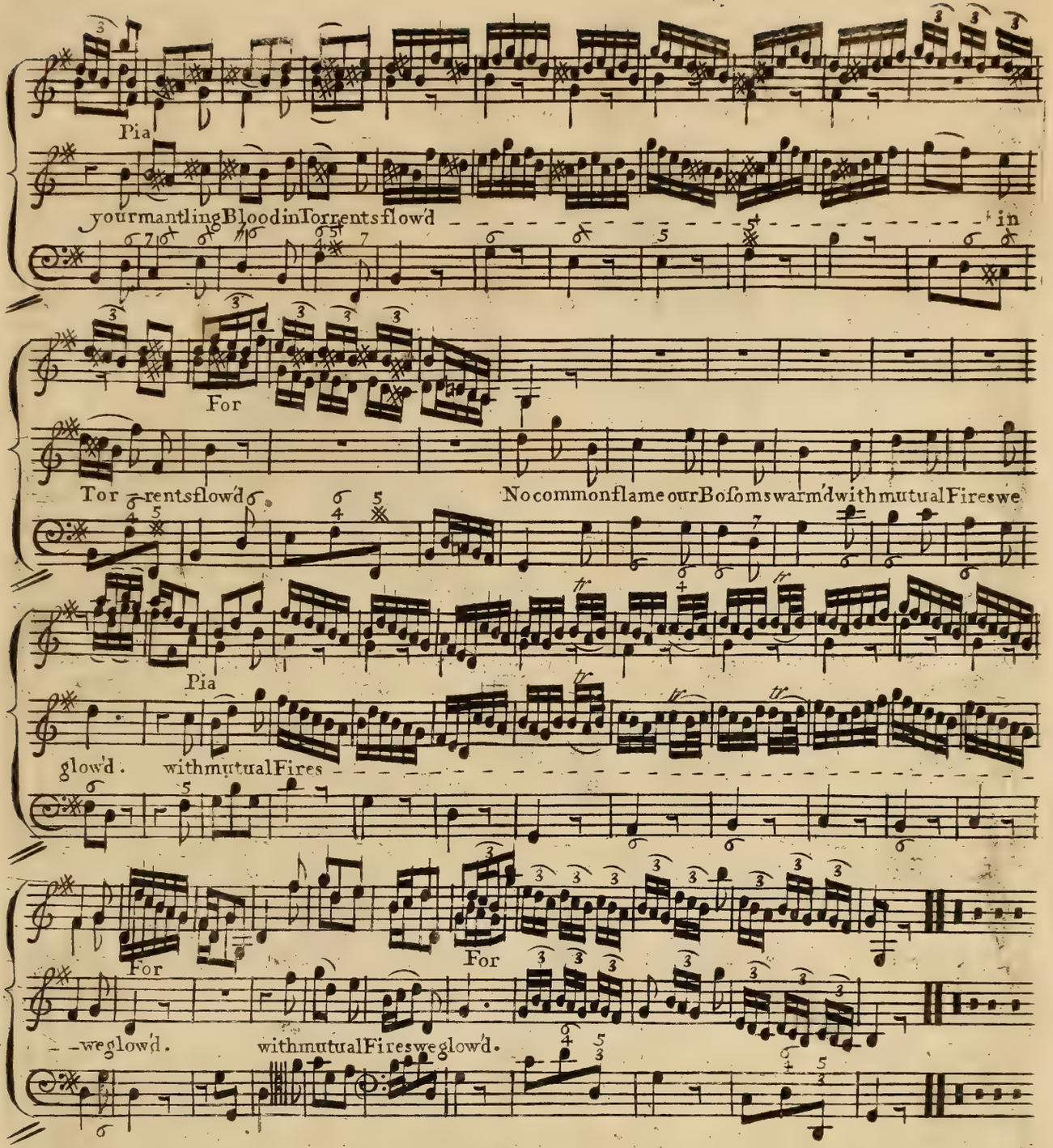
Tell me, when th'appointed Hour
Calls us to the ſecret Bow'r,
Bluſhing, trembling, why I run,
Early as the riſing Sun?
Gentle Youth, O! tell me true,
Is it then the ſame with you?

3

Tell me when the Pains I feel
Pungent as the Wounds of Steel,
When I feel the thrilling ſmart,
Why I bleſs the pointed Dart?
Gentle Youth, O! tell me true,
If it is the ſame with you?

To a Lady, who being ask'd by her Lover for a Token of her Constancy, gave him a Knife.



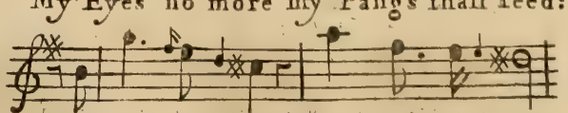


The two following Verſes are Sung to the 1st movement without playing the Symphony before it

But now your Blood grown ſlow and cold
Anſwers no more my beating Heart,
This Gift was needleſs to unfold
Poor *Damon's* Fate: We Part.

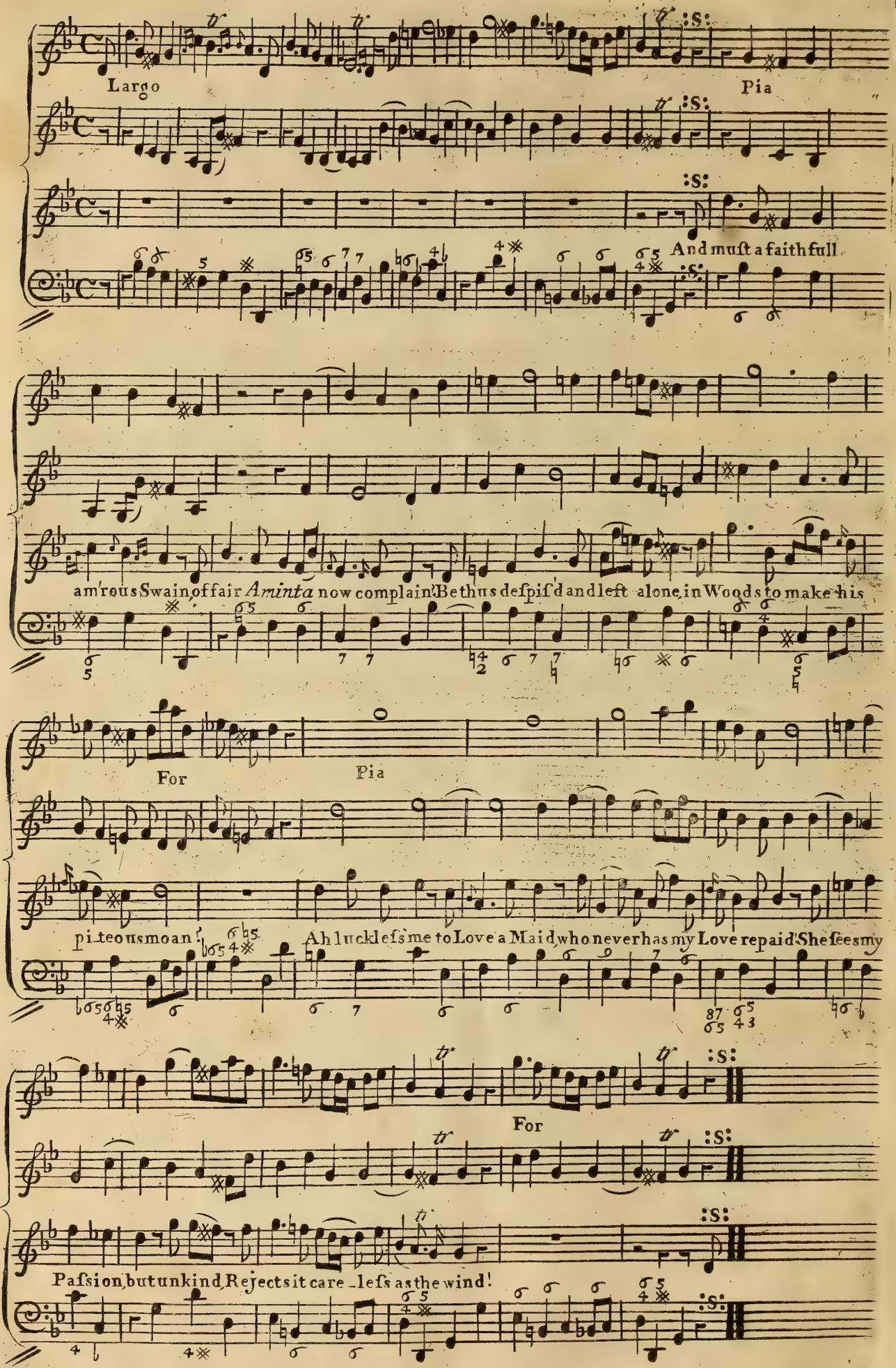
N.B. In this laſt Verſe the Performer is deſir'd to ſing the following Paſſage as it is written, that the Accent may lye upon the word (Start.)

'Tis Death alone can cure deſpair;
My Eyes no more my Pangs ſhall feed:

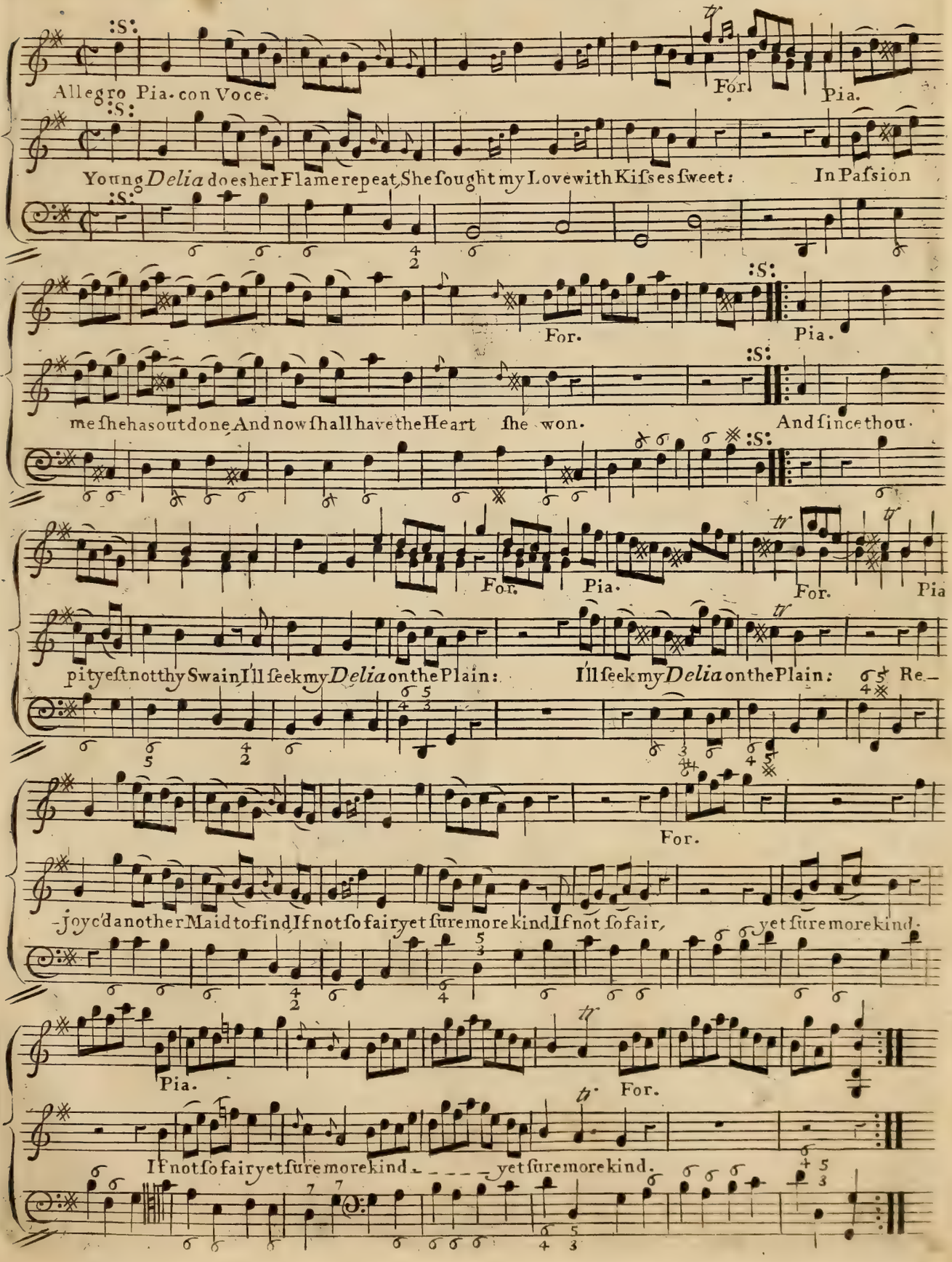


Behold the Knife! Start not my Fair:
'Tis only I ſhall bleed.

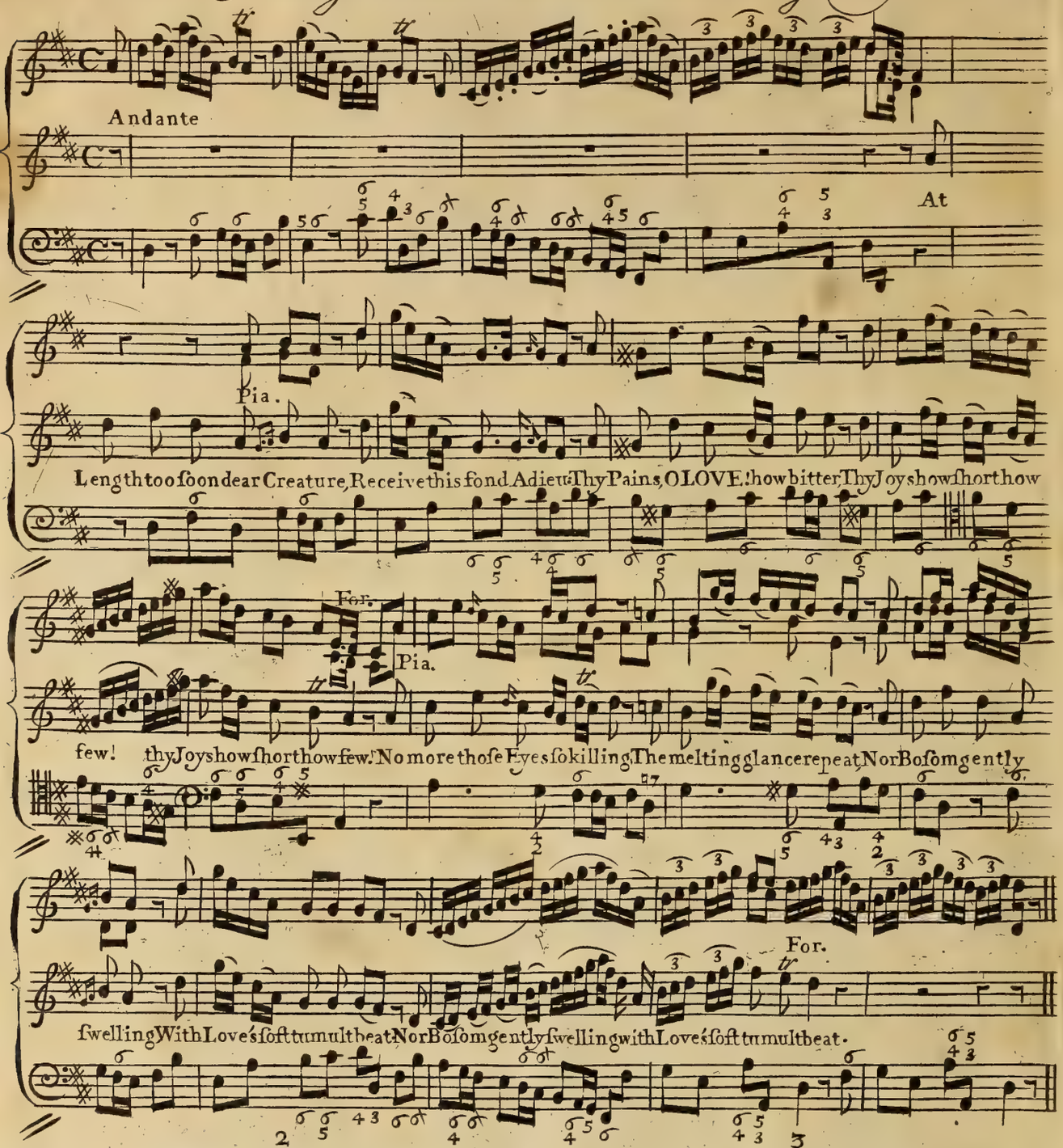
The Complaint



My Preſents were beſtow'd in vain,
She heard my Lays with proud diſdain,
And thoughtleſs of her *Strephon*, ſtrove
To win another Shepherd's Love.
Ah truſt not to thy Charms fond Maid,
For Beauty like the Flower will fade!
And when thy Youth ſhall feel decay,
His Paſsion then will fade away.



The Conteſt between Love and Glory.



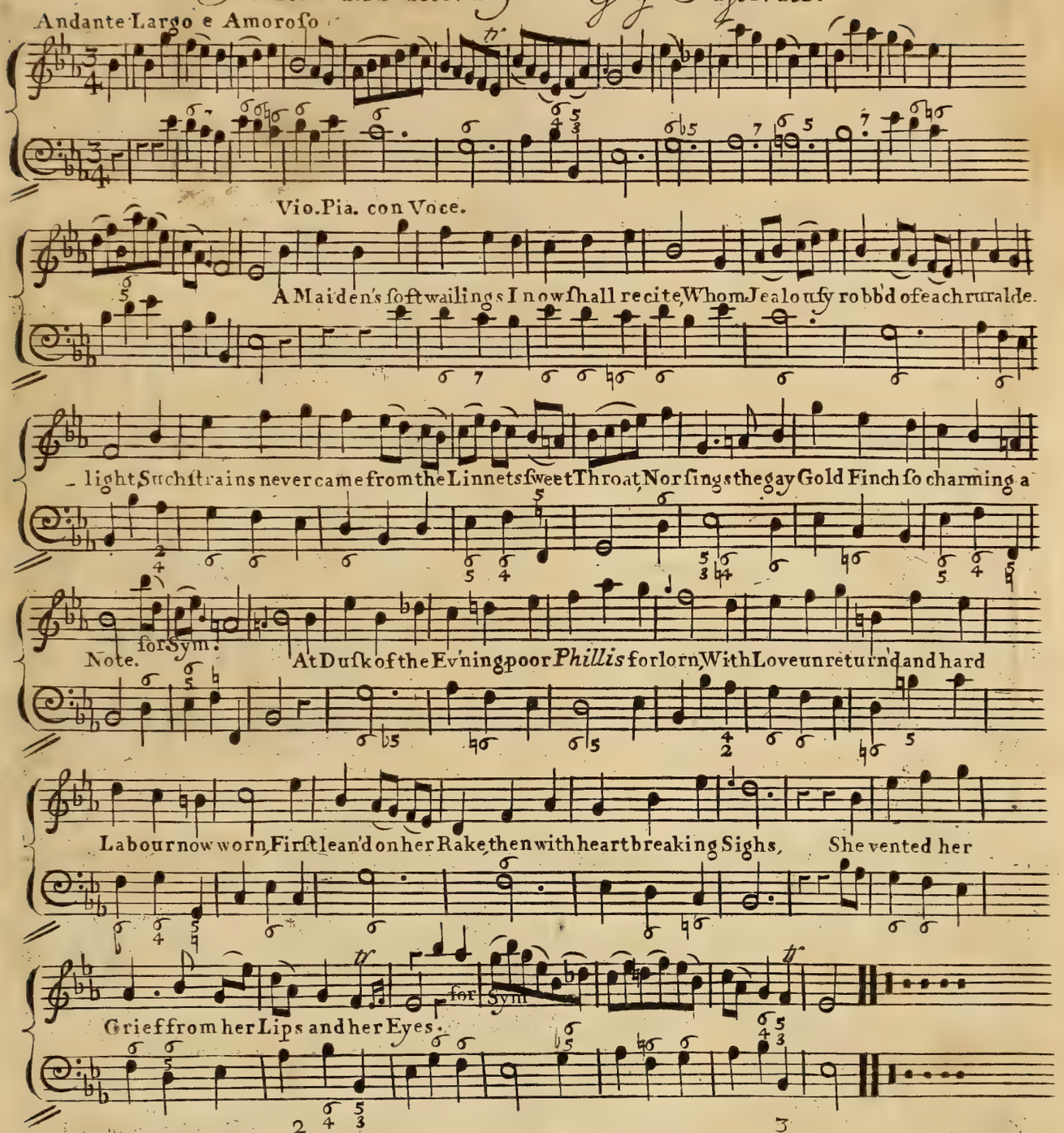
I go where Glory leads me,
And points the Dang'rous way,
Tho' Coward Love upbraids me,
Yet Honour bids obey,
But Honour's boaſting Story
Too plain thoſe tears reprove,
And whiſper, Fame, Wealth, Glory,
Ah! what are they to Love!

Two Paſsions ſtrongly pleading
My Doubtfull breaſt divide,
Lo! there my Country bleeding,
And here a weeping Bride;
But know thy faithfull Lover
Can true to either prove,
Fame fires my Veins all over;
Yet e'ery pulſe beats Love.

Then think where e'er I wander,
The ſport of Seas and Wind,
No diſtance Hearts can ſunder,
Whom mutual truth has Join'd:
Kind Heav'n the brave requiting,
Shall ſafe thy Swain reſtore,
And raptures Crown the meeting,
Which Love ne'er felt before.

THE DUMPS

Selected and alter'd from Gay's Paſtorals.

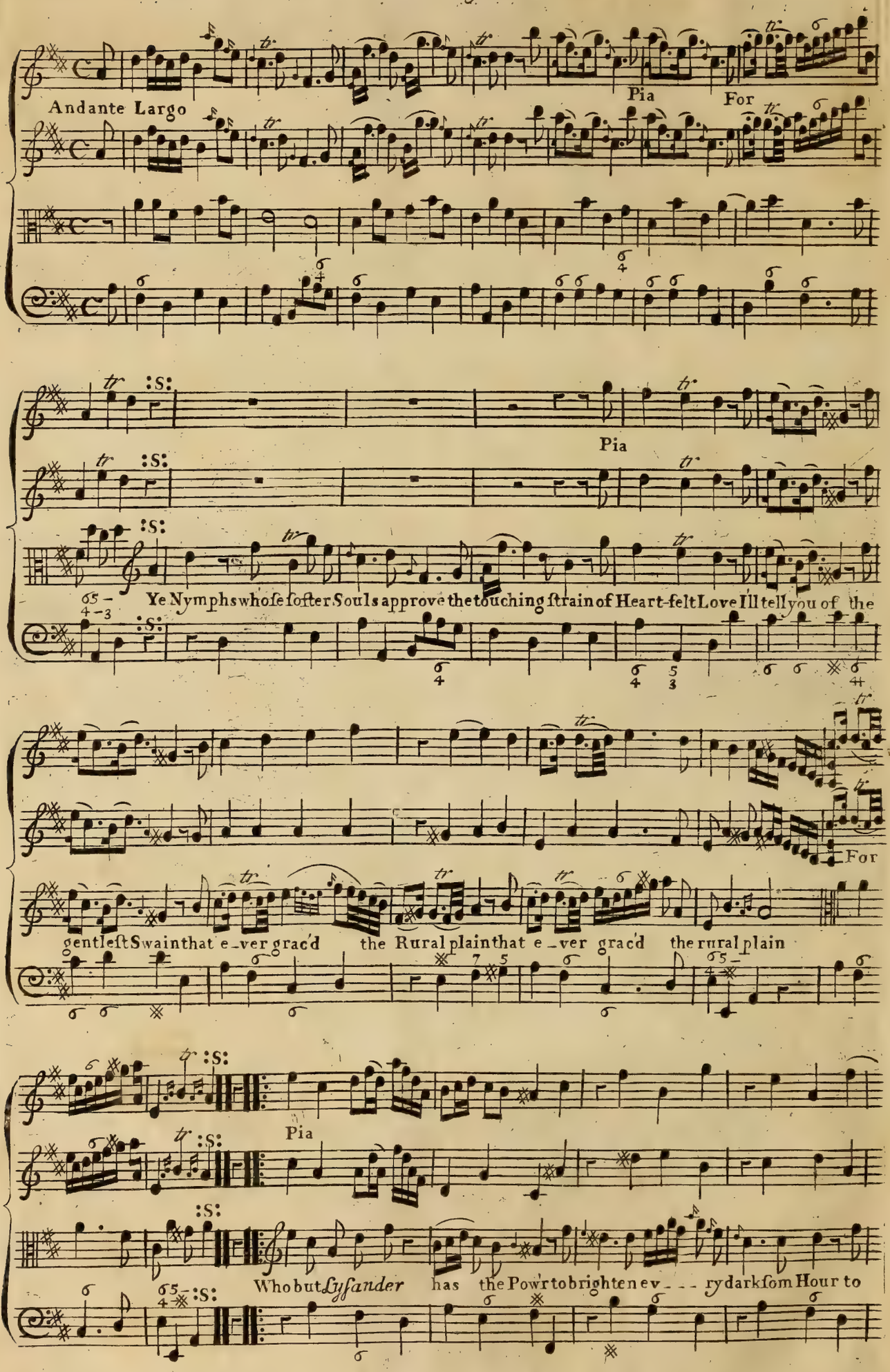


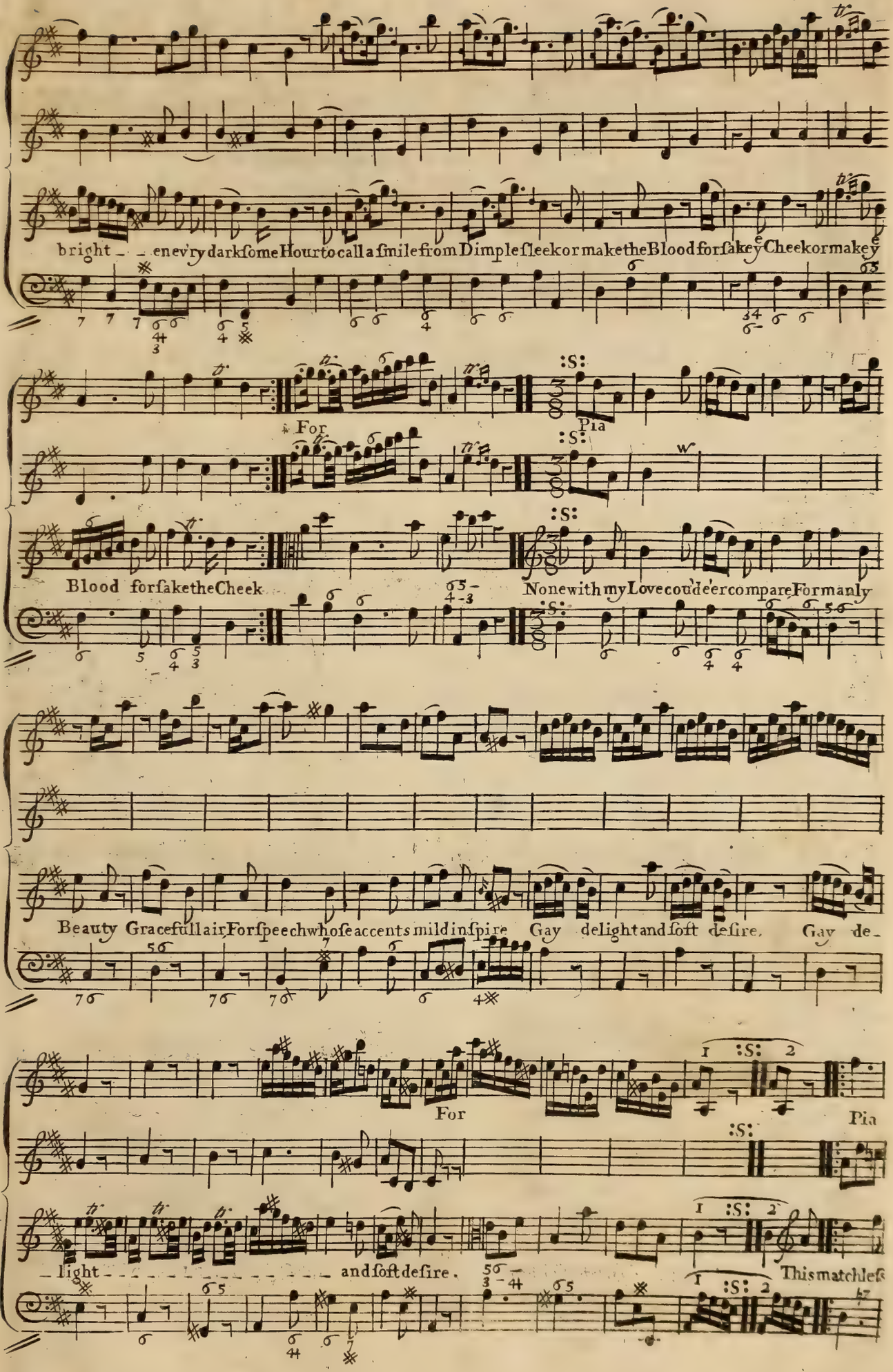
Come Night dark as Pitch, and encompaſs my Head,
For *Celadon* baſely from *Phillis* is fled,
The Ribbon his Cudgel undauntedly won,
Laſt Sunday the happier *Dorcas* put on.
'Tis ſure if he'd Eyes, (but they ſay LOVE has none)
THAT Ribbon at Church might have made me well known;
Alack! I am *ſhent with curſt Jealouſy's Smart,
For with that ſame Ribbon he gave his falſe heart.

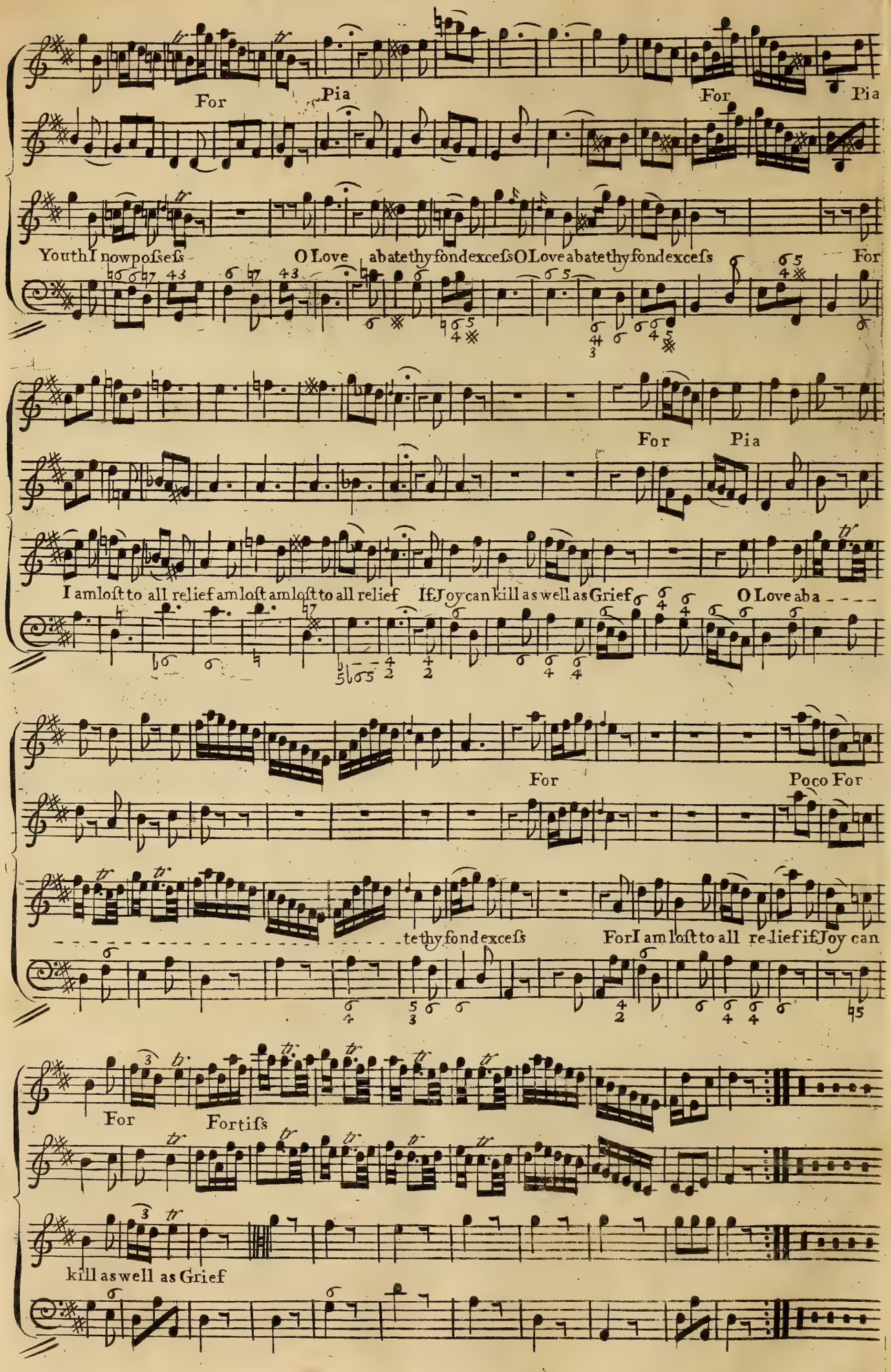
My Viſage I've often obſerv'd in yon' Lake,
My Features are not of the homelieſt make.
Though *Dorcas* may boaſt of a ſtill whiter Dye,
The gloſſy black Sloe turns in my rolling Eye;
The faireſt of Bloſſoms will drop with each Blaſt;
But Beauty that's Brown like the Holly will laſt:
Her Skin much reſembles the pale with'rd Leek,
While fine Katherine Pears glow in my ruddy Cheek.

Ah! did he but know the attempt I with ſtood,
When the ſpruce pretty SQIRE I met in yon' Wood!
A broad Piece of Gold he then put in my Hand;
But Virtue could him and his Proffer withſtand.
If Virtue is nothing, then Life is my Foe,
The murmuring Stream ſoon ſhall rid me of Woe.
My Plaint, O ye Laſſes, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard, that a Damſel ſo true dies a Maid.

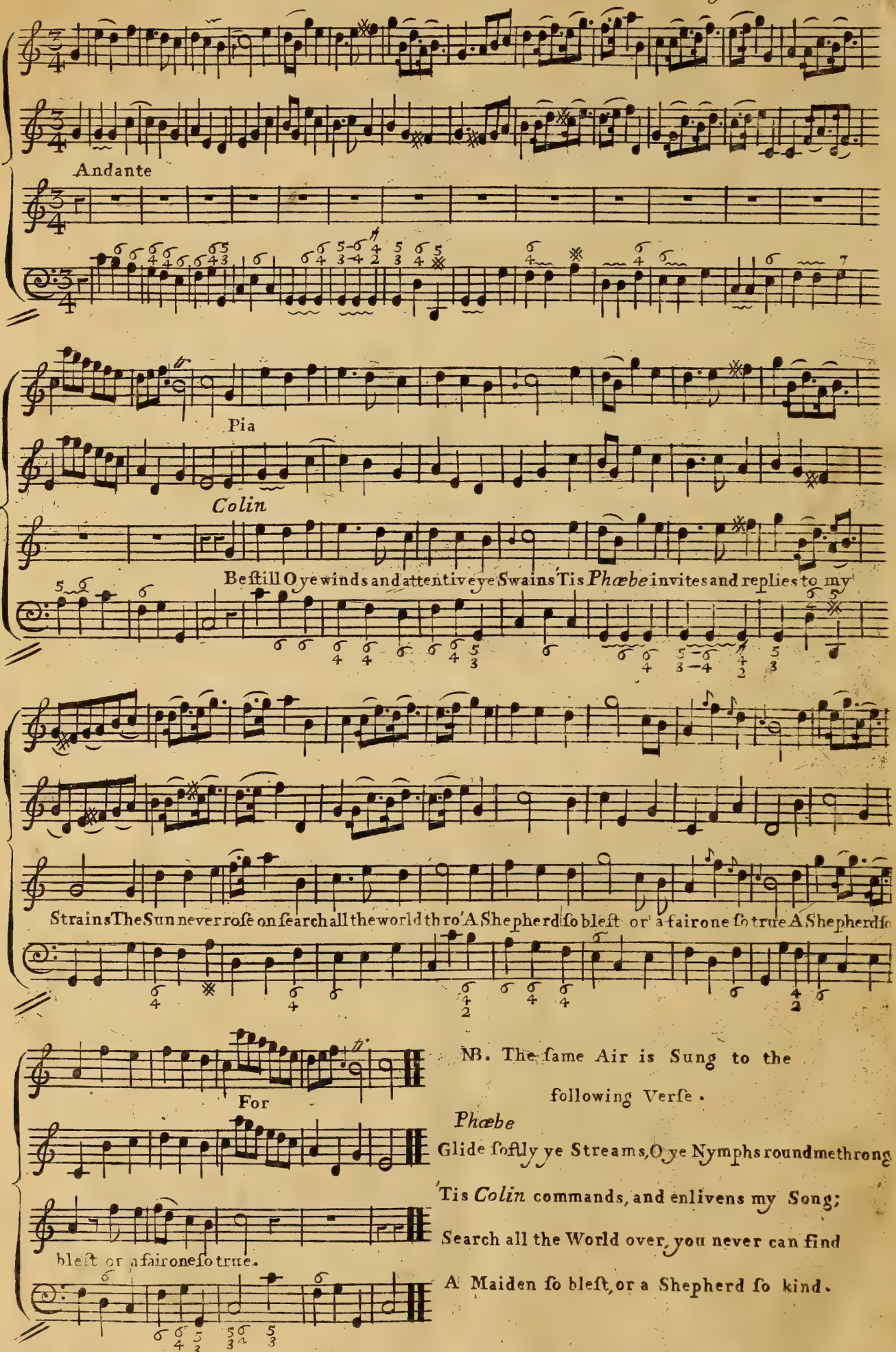
* ſhent, an old word ſignifying hurt or harmed


Andante Largo
Pia
For
Pia
Ye Nymphs whose softer Souls approve the touching strain of Heart-felt Love I'll tell you of the
For
gentlest Swain that e-ver grac'd the Rural plain that e-ver grac'd the rural plain
Pia
Who but Lysander has the Pow'r to brighten ev - - - ry dark som Hour to


bright _ _ ene'ry darkſome Hour to call a ſmile from Dimple ſleek or make the Blood forſake y Cheek or make y
For
Pia
Blood forſake the Cheek
None with my Love cou'd e'er compare For manly
Beauty Graceful air, For ſpeech whoſe accents mild inſpire Gay delight and ſoft deſire. Gay de-
For
Pia
_ light _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ and ſoft deſire.
This matchleſs


For
Pia
For
Pia
Youth I now poſſeſs
O Love abate thy fond exceſs
O Love abate thy fond exceſs
For
For
Pia
I am loſt to all relief am loſt am loſt to all relief
If Joy can kill as well as Grief
O Love aba - - - -
For
Poco For
- te thy fond exceſs
For I am loſt to all re-lief if Joy can
For
Fortifs
kill as well as Grief

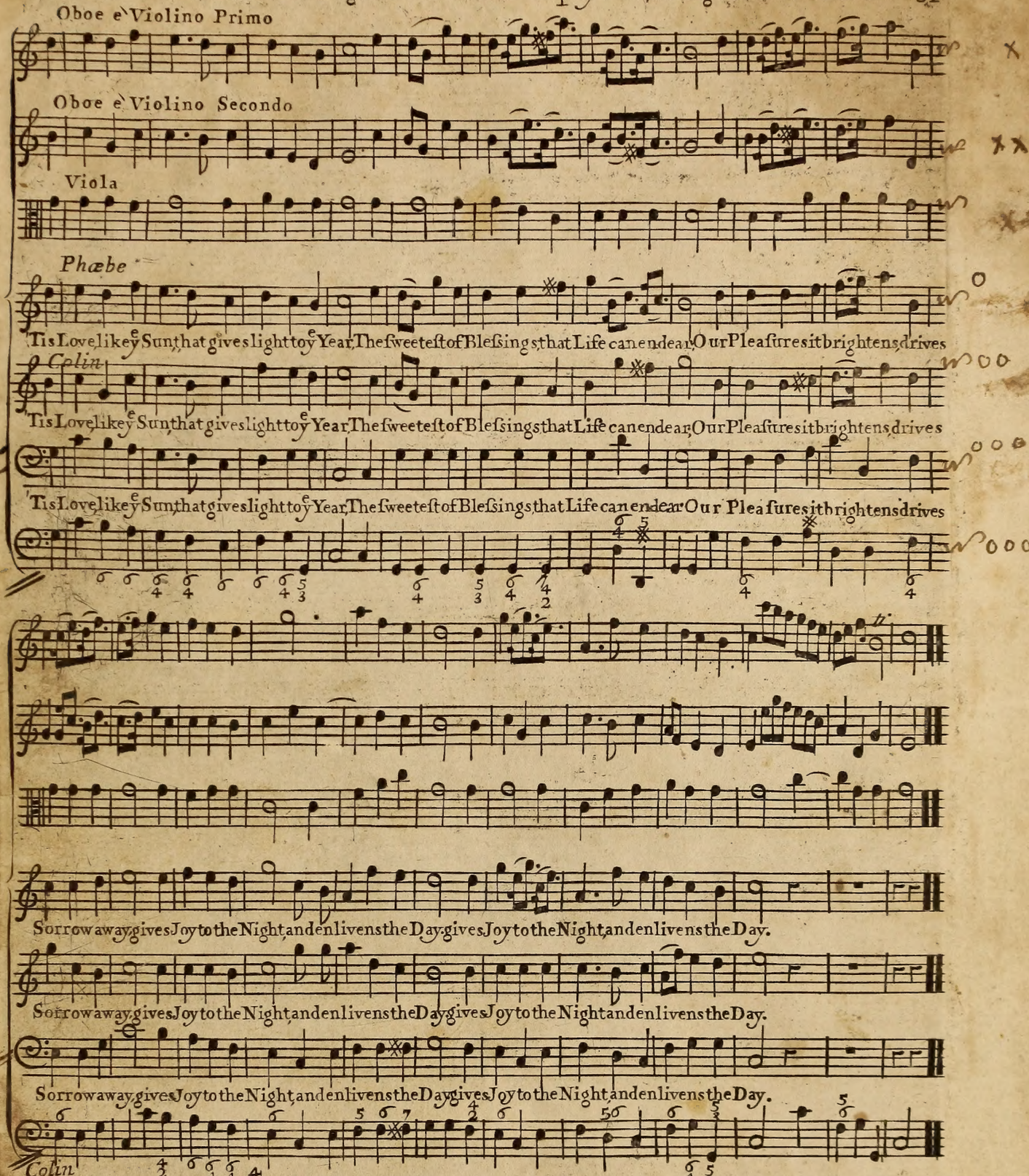
Colin and Phæbe A Paſtoral



NB. The ſame Air is Sung to the following Verſe.

Phœbe

Glide ſoftly ye Streams, O ye Nymphs round me throng
'Tis *Colin* commands, and enlivens my Song;
Search all the World over, you never can find
A Maiden ſo bleſt, or a Shepherd ſo kind.



With *Phœbe* beside me, the Seasons how gay!
And Winter's bleak Months, are as pleasant as May;
The Summer's gay Verdure still springs as she treads,
And Linnets, and Nightingales sings thro' the Meads.

Phœbe 5

When *Colin* is absent, 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the Sunshine, how barren the Ground!
Instead of the Linnet and Nightingales Song,
I hear the hoarse Raven croak all the day long.

Both
'Tis Love, &c.

Colin 6

O'er Hill, Dale, and Valley, my *Phœbe* and I
Together will wander, and Love shall be by;
Her *Colin* shall guard her safe all the long Day,
And *Phœbe* at Night, all his pains shall repay.

Phœbe 7

By Moonlight, when Shadows glide over the Plain,
His Kisses shall chear me, his Arm shall sustain;
The Dark haunted Grove I can trace without Fear,
And sleep in a Churchyard if *Colin* is near.

Both
'Tis Love, &c.

Colin 8

Ye Shepherds, that wanton it over the Plain,
How fleeting your Transports, how lasting your Pain:
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind She,
And learn to be happy, from *Phœbe* and me.

Phœbe 9

Ye Nymphs, who the pleasures of Love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and take me for your Guide;
Your Hearts keep from Pride, and Inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from *Colin* and me.

Chorus

'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives light to the Year,
The sweetest of Blessings, that Life can endear;
Our Pleasures it brightens, drives Sorrow away,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.

Finis